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Probate Court
k-Law, next of Kin, and all other per-
ns interested in the estate of ISAAC H. CHENERY,
ate, in said county, deceased.
Greeting:
certain instrument purporting to be
will and testament of said deceased, has
presented to said Court, for Probate, by CHARLES
and GEORGE W. CHENERY, both of
in the county of Suffolk, and that letters testamentary may be
to the executors therein named, and that
ice may be given by giving a copy of this citation
to all persons interested, according to law and the rules
Court in such cases provided, by causing the same to be
ished in the Boston Daily Advertiser, a newspaper printed
Boston, in said County of Suffolk, that they may appear
Probate Court to be holden at Dedham, in said County of
ex, on the first Tuesday of December next, at nine o'clock
the forenoon, and show cause, if any you have, against
same.
Petitioners are hereby directed to give public
ice by publishing this citation once a week,
ree weeks, in the newspaper called the
ston Ploughman, printed at Boston, that they
y appear at said time and place, and show cause, if any you have, against
prayer of said petition.
Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of
said Court, this eleventh day of November, in the year
ur thousand eight hundred and seventy-three.
J. H. TYLER, Register
ealth of Massachusetts.
Probate Court.
k-Law, next of Kin, and all other per-
ns interested in the estate of THOMAS H. SWEETSER,
ing, in said County, deceased.
Greeting
u, a certain instrument purporting to be
last will and testament of said deceased, has
presented to said Court, for Probate, by MARY N.
SER, in said County, who prays that letters
ary may be issued to her, the executrix therein
ed, without giving a surety
her bond, pursuant to said will and
ute:
are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to
held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on
enth day of December next, at nine o'clock
the forenoon, and show cause if any you have, against the
petitioner is hereby directed to give public
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three weeks, in the newspaper called the
ston Ploughman, printed at Boston, that they
y appear at the time and place aforesaid, and that
may be exempt from giving a surety
their bond, pursuant to said will and
ute.
Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esq., Judge of said
Court, this eleventh day of November, in the year
ur thousand eight hundred and seventy-three.
J. H. TYLER, Register

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM, THE GARDEN, THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

AND NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURE.

JOURNAL OF

VOLUME XXXIII.—NO. 10. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1873. WHOLE NUMBER 1674.

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

(Also, Organ of the N. E. Agricultural Society.

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51 & 52 North Market Street, Boston.

(Opposite Faneuil Hall.)

GEO. NOYES, Proprietor and Publisher.

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☞ The PLOUGHMAN offers great advantages to advertisers. Its circulation is large, and among the most active and intelligent portion of the community.

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1. If any person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether it be taken from the office or not.

2. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of fraud.

☞ Postage on the Ploughman is 20 cents a year within the United States.

Editorial.

THE MILK SUPPLY.

We have often referred to the difficulty which the dwellers of cities experience in procuring pure and genuine natural milk for family use. We think it probable that the misery that has been made on this subject, both in the public press and in the community generally, has had the effect to improve the quality somewhat. It ought to have infused a little healthful restraint upon those who had carried their methods of extension and adulteration too far, and we rather incline to think it has, though we might not be able to prove it.

Still it cannot be denied that the profit to be derived from the sale of large quantities of water added to milk offers too strong a temptation to most men of easy going honesty to justify us in the hope of a permanent reform in this direction. The fear of detection will be about the only restraining influence and that is not sufficient, since many men are willing, as we see every day, to run all risks for the hope of a little gain whether it be legitimate or not. It is the case everywhere, and the experience in most large cities is very much the same, and the city of Boston is by no means peculiar in this respect. The trouble in London is equally great and it has made even more of a "row" there than it has here. The temptation to adulterate or to reduce pure milk by the addition of water is too great, and the chances of detection too remote to deter unprincipled men from a practice that promises so much profit, at so little risk.

It is true that various projects have been started to remedy the evil of which consumers complain so justly. The Consumers Protective Association was an effort of this sort, and it has been maintained against every conceivable obstacle thrown in its way by the dealers and even by some of the railroads terminating in this city. But that, good as it is so far as it goes, is inadequate to the supply and the door is still wide open for the practice of fraud and adulteration, and the question comes, what are you going to do about it?

We have often thought that the most direct remedy would be the general use of condensed milk. That so far appears to be sure and so far as we understand the process of condensation and the claims of those who are engaged in the business, it cannot be otherwise than pure, and excellent in quality. In the year 1867 Liebig gave the following analysis of condensed milk.

Water	22 44
Solids	77 56
	100.

and at the same time said of it: "It contains nothing but cow's milk and the best refined sugar, and possesses all the properties and qualities of perfectly pure milk. Now pure milk as it generally comes from the cow should and does consist of the following proportions of these constituents:

Water	87.19
Solids	12.81
	100.

saying at the same time, that it was perfectly sweet, sound, and free from lactic acid." The *British Medical Journal*, the *Lancet* and all scientific men, so far as we know, who have investigated the properties of condensed milk, have spoken in the highest terms of its purity and its high quality. They say also that "the milk used was whole milk of the best and richest description." Last year, 1872, Dr. Hassell, a thoroughly competent and trustworthy authority, in an article in "*Food, Water and Air*," gave his opinion on condensed milk, after careful investigation, and study of the whole process from the time it was received from the farmer till it went into the cans and was soldered up, says "we have always found it to be both genuine and in a perfect state of preservation." The testimony appears to be uniform on this point, and it appears that condensed milk, reduced to about one-fourth of the bulk of crude, contains the original elements of the pure original milk, minus the water and plus the sugar added in the process to preserve it.

Another safeguard which the consumer has in the use of condensed milk is the fact that the success of the process depends not only upon the purity, but of the high quality of the original article, that is, that condensed milk cannot be produced from poor materials. The companies test the quality of the milk they use far more accurately and with greater care than the milk men do, and they will use only the best. They retain all the butter contained in the original milk, and after condensed milk is properly reduced with water for practical use, it can be set for cream to rise or churned directly and made into butter.

We shall allude to this point again, and show the advantages of resorting to the use of condensed milk rather than to the milkman.

THE EARLY WINTER.

Many farmers got caught napping by the sudden advent of snow and cold weather the middle of November. We have heard of quite a number who still had large quantities of Swedes out, in some cases where they had not been pulled. The Agricultural College farm at Amherst is quite a loser in this way, we are sorry to say, having some hundreds of bushels stuck fast in the ground. We presume this will be charged to the scientific methods pursued there.

KERRY CATTLE.

Many, perhaps most, of the readers of the *Ploughman*, are aware that fine specimens of this fine Irish breed of cattle were imported a few years ago by Authur W. Austin of West Roxbury. They excited a great deal of interest. The only herd of them that has been kept together and bred in purity is that now owned by Major Jas. S. Grinnell of Greenfield in this State. It consists of eleven head, all black but three, that are dark brindle, of various ages and of very excellent quality. The older cows, small as they are, have given fifteen quarts of milk a day, and have, in midwinter, made seven and one half and eight pounds of butter a week. That is doing well. It is a unique and beautiful herd. Major Grinnell, being occupied constantly as chief clerk in the Patent office at Washington, is, we understand, disposed to sell the herd to some one who will keep it together and perpetuate it, and has put it for this purpose under the charge of Francis E. Barnard of Shelburne, Mass., who can give any particulars about it. We hope the herd will not be scattered as the Brittanies were. It would be a public misfortune.

PRICES OF POULTRY.

Poultry was quite low in this market the week before Thanksgiving, but fortunately for the dealers the cold weather, as the day approached, tightened up the market, with the certainty of being able to keep any surplus over with safety. It is high enough to consumers.

☞ OUR CHICKENS enjoyed the luxury of Thanksgiving very much and crowed lustily over their escape when they began to realize the precarious condition of many of their neighbors. We let them run to their heart's content and they have but just got over it. They ought to lay to pay for their exemption.

Questions & Answers.

A FOWL DISEASE.

Editor of Massachusetts Ploughman:

Can you inform me what is the cause and remedy for the disease known as "pip" among fowls. It is a kind of convulsive motion of the throat, resembling a cough—most frequently when eating. Can you tell me also whether it is contagious, and what is the best course to pursue when it has obtained a foothold among a flock of hens as it has mine—a definite reply will greatly oblige yours,

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

The trouble with our correspondent's poultry is probably not the pip, judging by his description, but is the roup in its first stages. If the disease is the "pip" so called, it may be determined by examining the tongue of one of the diseased fowls; the presence of a dry horny scale upon it at once establishes this disease. If present, remove the scale from the tongue and the bird will recover.

Roup is characterized by a mucous discharge from the nostrils of the fowl, inflamed and swelled eyelids, and general debility. The eyes soon become closed and the bird dies.

The cause is most frequently exposure to cold and dampness, particularly the latter. The disease is very contagious.

Remove all the diseased fowls at once to dry warm quarters and feed on warm Indian meal dough seasoned with red pepper, wash the beak and eyelids with a solution of sulphate of copper (10 grains to the ounce of water) several times a day, as before stated. Unless the birds are at once placed in warm dry quarters no treatment by me dicines will cure the disease.—[Ed.

PEARS, GRAPES, ETC.

The quantity of pears produced this year in New England has probably never been exceeded in any year since the fruit was cultivated. The quality also is quite extraordinary. Those varieties which readily suffer from mildew, and those which grow irregularly and mature imperfectly are this year free from all blemishes. The trees everywhere in Eastern Massachusetts are loaded with the fairest fruit. Of apples, we have none. From over four hundred thrifty trees at the farm, the product may be put in a bushel basket. Grapes are abundant, especially the hardy varieties, like the Concords, Hartford Prolifics, etc. The cold nights in August were not favorable for their ripening, and it is probable many of them will be touched by frost before they are fit for the table. Cold house grapes are very fine, but somewhat late. Upon the whole, we must regard the present season as particularly distinguished for the abundance and good quality of fruits, saving the product of our apple-trees.—*Jour. of Chemistry*

HOW YANKEES COOK BEANS.—A writer of the New York *World* says this is the way the down-east lumbermen cook them, who eat them twice a day for four or five months each year: Take one quart of beans; first soak, if pea beans, until they are swelled full; it will take over night certain; if yellow eyes, parboil until the skins crack open when blown on with the breath; drain off the water, put about two-thirds of the beans in the pot; put in about one and one half pounds of salt fat pork, then the rest of the beans; bake not less than twelve hours, first covering the beans with hot water. These are genuine Yankee pork and beans. The way they are cooked in the woods is this: A hole is dug at the foot of the fire, filled around with hot coals and covered with hot ashes, where it remains from 3 o'clock p. m. until breakfast the following morning—about fourteen or fifteen hours. There are probably more beans eaten in Maine than in the whole State of New York.

☞ The farmers think that none but live stock should be watered. Other kinds are to be taken straight.

Correspondence.

WHAT EAST TENNESSEE OFFERS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Since my former letter was published in the *Ploughman*, of the 8th, I have received numerous letters making inquiries I feel constrained to answer. From their tone it seems that there are thousands longing for a change of climate; some for health, some to better their condition financially and otherwise, and some—as one correspondent expresses himself—"to get where he will not freeze to death eight months in the year." Farmers and mechanics demand of us what further inducements can be offered them. Now, fearing that I might have, in my former letter, overdrawn the *real* state of things here, I took particular pains to consult New England men, who have lived among us for several years, as to the inducements held out, the chances for mechanics and farmers, the state of society, schools, churches, &c. They all readily agreed to what had been written and went even further than I could, knowing as they do, more of eastern life and eastern people. I would always advise all parties *to come and see* before making a permanent change. "New England has a great surplus of population, honest men and women," who have no means to be colonized for a distance of a thousand miles. East Tennessee has a great surplus of untouched resources the natives have no ability to develope. Now it seems to me, if these two could be brought together it would pay a colony and better society. It would render honest men and women much more independent and better fitted to instruct others Why cannot your city mechanics or country farmers send parties down here "to spy out the country?" No one need fear the once hot headed slaveholder now, nor midnight assassins, for we are too strong for such. Why, Wendell Phillips or Mr. Garrison could now come right here and not a hair of them would be touched. A great majority of us are as much stronger anti-slavery now as they were once stronger than their own citizens. Slavery is dead. Past issues too. Now the old slave driver drives (don't know how to plough or cultivate the soil,) the plough himself and finds his life or death in the tillage of the earth.

[illegible] and mechanic. By a careful estimate I have made for a citizen of your state, a boot and shoe factory, capable of turning out from twenty to one hundred cases a week of all kinds of work, will pay right here from twenty to thirty per cent more when gotten under way, than in Lynn or Haverhill. Living is cheaper, rent, wood, &c., are cheaper than in Massachusetts. Stock can be made here much cheaper and work sold to the South, at least, for a third more than in New England. Then, too, a tanner is sadly needed here; a real number one tanner from your State or from New England has a splendid chance here now. A tannery, consisting of two acres, good two story dwelling, fourteen vats, mill, sheds, &c., all for $2000. Bark can be had for $3 to $4 per cord. The cotton mill referred to in my other letter has resolved itself into a woolen mill which will soon be erected and $3000 worth of new machinery to start with. This opens a field for the woolraiser and farmer. This place is only thirty-six hours out from New York City, and can be reached from your city in three days and less.

Parties from New York State are now here contemplating putting up a large wagon and carriage factory. We have timber enough and to spare, for hubs, felloes, spokes, ax handles, pails, buckets and in fact all wood work. As some may suppose, we are interested in all these—but not so, nor do we blow for any one—except for the good of our community and those who may be induced to come among us. We well know that if real Yankee energy were brought to bear upon our land and resources here, we, as well as those coming, would be much benefited, not only in purse after a fair trial, but generally in health.

A. E. BLUNT.

P. S. The *Ploughman* containing notice of the "Ear of Corn" just received. About the yield per acre of such corn, I did not mention anything, as I did not suppose you would publish what I said. As you have I will give what has been done. On river bottom land that is overflowed every winter, such corn, by careful cultivation, has produced in this country one hundred and eight bushels by measure. It was an extraordinary yield, however. On an average sixty to seventy bushels, year in and year out, on overflowed land, is all that is made by fair cultivation. On common upland away from the river, by manuring in the hill I raised fifty bushels last year. This year by putting on ten loads each of ashes and stable manure, I raised nearly thirty bushels of wheat. Yours &c.,

A. E. B.

Cleveland, East Tennessee.

Stock Department.

DOGGING STOCK.

Farmers, one and all, don't have a vicious, barking dog around your steers. A case has been under the writer's notice, all this year, of a man who prided himself on his ability to manage his swine and stock with two curs that were not worth the powder to shoot them with. What was the consequence? The sows all had dead pigs; the cows, in some instances, aborted their calves, or became so unmanageable as to be obliged to have their legs tied at milking time. If ever a horse gets loose, it remains so until tired down; the whole thing making every one on the farm grow cross and sour tempered; the men swearing and the women pouting. Remember, the cow and horse are quiet, confiding animals, but get shy and vicious if any mangy mongrel is allowed to dog them home and dog them away, and here and there. Show an intelligent man another man's cows and he will very soon show you the man's temper.—*Western Rural.*

☞ The *Western Planter* closes an article on the subject of marketing the present crop of wheat, with the remark that "the only way we can be independents is to make ourselves so financially; then, and not until then, can we dictate the price of our products to others."

☞ Pototoes are selling for thirty to thirty-five cents per bushel at St. Albans. Butter sold at St. Albans on Tuesday at twenty to thirty-eight cents, according to quality.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

HORSEBACK RIDING FOR LADIES.

BY GAUNTLET.

How few young ladies of the present day, ride on horseback? If they only knew how exhilerating it is, and conducive to health and happiness, I am sure they would start right off. What can be more delightful than a five mile gallop on these hard, frosty roads, for, though it *is* November, we have some splendid clear, calm days for riding, when the sun shines down warmly upon us. If one feels cross and blue, let her have a horse saddled, and after a brisk canter, I am pretty sure she will feel bright and happy when she returns; not to mention the fine appetite which will be certain to follow. I have a friend, who (when she feels mopish) goes through the house, making all her friends uncomfortable, or else she sits over the register, with a shawl thrown round her, hair in papers, looking slovenly generally, and deep in the mysteries of one of the modern novels, which, by the way, do but little good and much harm. If her little sister speaks to her, she receives a frown and cross word in reply.

Now, why does not that girl go and take a ride? Her father is wealthy, and no doubt would be glad to give her a horse, and money to purchase the requisites for riding rather than have her cross and disagreeable at home. See those young ladies in the city of New York. They dance the "German" all night, tumble into bed with half their clothing on and eyes shut, at four o'clock in the morning. They rise at 12 M. and breakfast, then lounge round the rest of the day. What a senseless life to lead! Why not start off on horseback about 8 A. M.? The Park is accessible, and horses, competent for ladies to ride, may be obtained at most of the stables in New York. An hour's ride would bring these city belles home, with eyes filled with brightness far better than that obtained in the fashionable way, (eating a lump of sugar containing a drop of cologne,) and cheeks more glowing and ruddy than when tinged with rouge the evening before, applied with a practised hand. Perhaps one of these belles would ride oftener, if she could go as her grandmother did, on a pillion behind a handsome young man. She would be obliged to place her arm round him you know, and what harm would there be in it, if it were the fashion? Would not the maiden ladies take riding into consideration then? Girls, young and old, learn to ride; if you have no horse, hire one, and make it a point to go at least twice a week. Your hearts will be lighter, and your eyes will be brighter.

The Poultry Interest.

THE CARE AND TRANSPORTATION OF FOWLS.

Among the numerous instances of cruelty to the lower animals, we have had special occasion to remark the inexcusable negligence of breeders in sending fowls away on long journeys ill provided, or not at all, with food and drink. The negligence is culpable and, moreover, foolish, for thereby the greatest injury is done to the fowls themselves, and if the fact that the animals will suffer painfully has no influence upon the owner, it would seem as if the selfish wish to avoid loss would have some weight. For a prolonged abstinence in an animal, feeding so frequently as the domestic fowl, and subject to such extensive draughts on the system, is often followed by irremediable injury to the constitution. We would avoid breeding from a bird that we knew had been thus treated, just as we would avoid one that had any great defect, such as a bad form, producing weakly chicks and the like. The evils of all underfeeding are well enough understood; in this case, however, the difficulty is increased by the suddenness of the shock, the fowl not having time to accustom itself to it. What is said of feeding is also true of the supply of water. A healthy fowl will drink fifteen to twenty times per day, and in a close coop, or in hot weather, still oftener. Therefore all possible pains should be taken to properly fasten water-cups in the travelling cages.

If, however, a fowl comes to hand—for we will do the reader the honor of supposing that he would not be guilty of such an offence—that has been deprived of food and drink for a long time, we must remember that the powers of the system are lowered, that the ability to digest is diminished, together with the general nervous power, and that from the lack of material the amount of gastric juice is also lessened. We must, therefore, for a time, limit the supply both of solids and liquids, and the food first given should be quite wet. "Sopped bread" is recommended, and this is probably as good as anything else. We would also endorse the recommendation to soften the bread in ale, if there appears to be unusual depression. This care ought to be extended during, at least, a couple of days.—*The Poultry World.*

HENS DEVOURING THEIR EGGS.

As I have had this difficulty to contend with, and have also been successful, my plan may be of some benefit to others. The nests used at first were loose boxes placed under a shelf on a ground floor, and opposite from where the light was admitted, and in full view of the fowls. One very old feeble hen repeatedly laid soft shelled and odd shaped eggs. And from these the trouble began. The appetite soon became so great that nearly every egg laid by the flock was immediately eaten. I tried many ways to break up their mischief, resulting in as many failures. At length it occurred to me more fully to gratify the natural instinct of secrecy in laying, which I did, making the nests almost perfectly dark. I procured a number of quarter barrels, took one end out of each, made a slight hollow in the ground, and laid them in. I then took hay and soil, and made a heap before the open end, leaving only space enough for the hens to get in.

In these they soon hid themselves to lay. Since concealing the nests in this way I have had no trouble. To my knowledge there has not been an egg eaten since. I consider it now an important point to have the nests well concealed, not only to gratify the propensity for secrecy, but to allow them a little undisturbed rest after laying. I would also add from rather expensive experience, that if size is desired, I know of no better food than raw eggs; but profit must not be made a question in feeding them in this way.—*Cor. Poultry World.*

FUN IN FRUIT CULTURE.—A woman in Litchfield, Ill., set all her neighbors laughing last fall by sewing up her peach trees in bed ticking. The fun is not over yet, for now she has an orchard full of peaches, while the neighbors have not a single one.—*Exchange.*

☞ A farmer can do more work with a good thinking apparatus than with the best span of horses ever hitched to a wagon.

Miscellaneous.

HARRIS LEWIS'S MODE OF SOILING.

The cows are liberally soiled through all the dry part of the season, otherwise so large a stock could not be maintained on such an amount of land. The soiling is done with the native grasses and orchard grass. Mr. L. insists that this is cheaper and better than fodder corn. It probably requires more land but less labor than growing corn, and extends over a wider range of the season. The result is much better. He thinks green fodder corn contains too much water, that it is not relished as well and does not produce as much nor as good milk as grass. Accidentally, while feeding green corn, he dropped some dry hay within reach of the cows just as they had finished a meal of corn, and he noticed that they ate it greedily. Taking the hint from this circumstance, such as Italy, Sicily and Barbary. The soft wheats are from more northern climates, such as England, Russia, Belgium, De[illegible]mark and Sweden. There is, however, one exception to this general rule, as the celebrated Polish wheat is hard, and for this reason it has been claimed that it was not a native of Poland, but was introduced there from some milder climate. The English climate is so humid that it is impossible to ripen any wheat hard, but in many cases it requires artificial heat to harden it before it can be ground into flour. Different soils and climates materially change the nature and variety of wheat.—*Aq. Dept. Report.*

USES OF RAWHIDE.—The skin of an animal, whether cow, calf, colt, or horse, that dies on the farm, is worth more at home than at the tanner's. Cut it into narrow strips, and shave off the hair with a sharp knife before the kitchen fire, or in workshop, on stormy days and evenings. You may make them soft by rubbing. A rawhide halter strap an inch wide, will hold a horse better, and last longer, than an inch rope. It is stronger than hoop iron and may be used to hoop dry casks and boxes, and for hinges.

Try it on a broken thill, or any woodwork that has been split. Put it on wet, and nail fast. Thin skins make the best bag strings in the world. A rawhide rope is a good substitute for a chain. It is valuable to mend a broken link in a trace chain. For some purposes it is best to use it in its natural state. For other purposes it may be dressed soft.

"KYANIZING" PLANT-LABELS, ETC.—The following method of "Kyanizing" wooden labels that are to be used on trees or in exposed places is recommended in a German paper. Thoroughly soak the piece of wood in a strong solution of copperas (sulphate of iron), then lay them, after they are dry, in lime water. This causes the formation of sulphate of lime, a very in[illegible] rapid destruction of the labels by the weather is thus prevented. Bass mats, twine, and other substances used in tying up or covering trees and plants, when treated in the same manner, are similarly preserved.

At a recent meeting of a horticultural society in Berlin, Germany, wax labels thus treated were shown which had been constantly exposed to the weather during two years without being affected thereby.

☞ The greatest herdsman in the world is the title claimed for Samuel W. Allen of Texas, who owns 225,000 cattle. He has one ranch eighty miles long and forty wide between the Nevada and Colorado rivers, the largest on the continent, which pastures 120,000. Two others accommodate respectively 70,000 and 35,000. These cattle all subsist on native grasses of a part of Texas. His herds require the attention of at least 400 herders and branders and the use of 3000 horses. He brands 60,000 calves every year to keep up the supply. The value of his stock, exclusive of the land, exceeds $5,500,000. He is the chief meat purveyor for New Orleans and the neighboring counties of the Gulf coast.

A CHEAP DRAG.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* writes: I make the side pieces or frame of two inch plank, eight inches wide, and turned up at the ends, and nail the bottom board on with heavy spikes. I used one and one inch lumber for the bottom, and it does not matter how wide or how narrow it is. I put a seat on it and ride, as my weight helps to crush the clods. By having the ends slightly turned up, it runs easier, and does better work. I always haul all small stones off the field on my drag. Any farmer who can use an axe, a saw, a hammer, and an auger, can make one, and after he has once used one he would not be without it. They run lighter than a roller, and *grind* the clods and lumps into powder, while a roller very often only *presses* them into the ground. And they level the ground better than a roller can do; after going over the field with a drag, it looks as if it had been gone over with a smoothing iron, and it never packs the ground.

HOW TO ESTIMATE THE WEIGHT OF LIVE HOGS.—The following rule for estimating the weight of live hogs we find in the *National Live Stock Journal*: "From the first 100 pounds deduct 25 pounds from gross; from the second 100 pounds deduct 30. All over the third 100 is net. Thus a hog of 200 pounds, live weight, will give 256 1-4 net weight, and, as a rule, 43 3-4 pounds should be allowed for shrinkage on every hog of 300 pounds or over. A hog of 100 pounds will net 75 pounds; one of 150 pounds 118 3-8; one of 200 pounds, 162 1-2; one of 250 pounds, 209 5-8." This, of course, is only as close an approximation a can be given for the general average of hogs as brought to market. If they are thin there is more shrinkage, if large and well fatted, and especially if pure bred, they will often shrink even less. We have known instances where the shrinkage amounted to only one-sixteenth of the live weight.

"A SATISFIED FARMER."—In the rich green country of Herefordshire even the farmers do not grumble. A week ago the editor of the Hereford *Times*, acting according to tradition, and hoping, it would seem, to curry favor with agriculturists, insinuated that the hay was a light crop, whereupon a "Satisfied Farmer" inquires of the Hereford *Journal* whether the writer of the article in question has yet been duly conveyed to the Lunatic Asylum at Burghill, as "his case seems a bad one." A Satisfied Farmer? Why, such a person was never heard of before. Let us have his name and address. Let *The Mark Lane Express* publish his portrait in a supplement. Let him be interviewed by reporters from all the papers. Let him be brought carefully up to town and exhibited at the Agricultural Hall. Let casts of him be taken for a bronze statue. Let the journal containing his letter be gilt in gold or marble and placed in the British Museum. A Satisfied Farmer! This freak of nature beats the Bearded Lady, the Siamese Twins, Tom Thumb, Gog, Magog, and the Shah! A Satisfied Farmer! The millennium is at hand. Glory! Hallelujah! —*The Hornet.*

PROPORTION OF CREAM TO MILK. The proportion of cream to milk yielded by cows of the various breeds used in the dairy, was ascertained by experiment, in England, some time since, to be as follows: Brittany cows, 16.27 to 22.00 per cent. of cream; Jerseys, 18.65 to 20.00 per cent.; cross of Jersey and Shorthorn, 17.95 to 19.05 per cent.; Shorthorn or Durham, 15.32 to 18.86 per cent.; Devon, 14.86 to 17.00 per cent.; and Ayrshire, 13.47 to 14.84 per cent. The variations depended on the feed, which for the lowest yield was grass or hay only, and for the highest was the most abundant food of the richest character that could be procured. As a general thing, however, cream is yielded in larger proportion in our dairies than in those of England. We have been assured by Mr. Crozier, of Northport, L. I., that he has taken one quart of cream from three quarts of milk from one of his Jersey cows, —*Agriculturist.*

The Horse.

THE BREEDING OF HORSES.

BY DR. GEO. B. LORING.

It is because we have already what we want in the way of horses that I am opposed to the introduction of foreign breeds among them. Our customs and modes of life, together with, perhaps, a fortunate outset, and certain natural advantages, have produced for us better horses than we can import. If this were the case with regard to our cattle I should entertain the same opinion with regard to them; but it is not so. We have, partly by accident and partly by design, been engaged for years in developing a race of trotting horses, but we have not developed races of cattle peculiarly adapted to the dairy or the shambles. That work is still before us, and we can only accomplish it by obtaining such animals, wherever they can be found, until we have established the breeds for ourselves.

Perhaps, Mr. Chairman, I might slightly qualify some of the opinions I have just quoted; but they are in the main correct. I recognize the value of those old progenitors who brought into our country, many years ago, the bone and muscle and nerve and wind, and capacity of the English thoroughbred of that day. I am mindful of the old Messenger, and of what he and his sons have done; and I cannot, moreover, forget that his fame as the ancestor of trotters was established, not in Bucks Co., Pa., where he stood two seasons after his arrival in this country, (in 1780), but on long Island, and various other points in New York State, whence his stock was distributed throughout some of the best breeding sections of New England. As the sire of Miller's Damsel, (the dam of American Eclipse,) and of Sir Harry, cut of mares of undoubted pedigree, he won a fine reputation, but it was as the sire of Mambrino—whose dam had no pedigree, except that she was "by Imp. Sourkrout," and of Hambletonian, whose dam was by Messenger himself, but whose grand dam was "unknown,"—that he won his distinction as the ancestor of some of the most remarkable trotters known on earth. And how, as generations went on, and that "unknown" blood worked in, did the speed of the family increase? From Mambrino sprang Abdallah, dam Amazonia, (by Messenger, dam unknown,) and Mambrino Paymaster, dam unknown. From Abdallah, with his unknown grandmother, we have, two or three generations removed, each with its unknown dam, Rysdyk's Hambletonian, with his famous sons Dexter, George Wilkes and Mountain Boy. From Mambrino Paymaster, with his unknown dam, we have Mambrino Chief, dam also unknown, though said to be of Messenger descent, and from Mambrino Chief we have Lady Thorn, and Mambrino Pilot and Mambrino Patchen and Ericsson and Brignoli and Ashland, in whose pedigree will be found as many unknown dams as I trace the blood of the old horse home into Maine and Vermont, where all the mares were unknown what a tribe of our earliest and best trotters rises before my vision!—Ripton, the gallant "white-legged pony," the favorite of Hiram Woodruff, the resolute and plucky, and triumphant, rivaling Dutchman as a three-miler, and defeating Lady Suffolk, an Eastern horse, undoubtedly of Messenger and Morgan blood, and Daniel D. Tompkins, a wonderful little horse, and General Taylor, "a very famous trotter and sticker," and Independence, the delight of boyhood, and Fanny Pullen the dam of Trustee the twenty-miler, and Shepherd Knapp, and Mac, and True John, and Gray Vermont, and Sontag, and Ethan Allen, (dam a Messenger mare), the best balanced horse ever seen on an America.. track, the evenest-gaited horse from the walk onward ever bred, and the most striking illustration of the enervating effect of high feed and rapid work in early life, ever known in horse annals. These horses, far removed from the original thoroughbred, and forming a distinct strain of blood which they do possess, springing from families in which an admixture of various races is undoubtedly to be found; members of a list honorable and illustrious, commencing with Topgallant and Whalebone and Dutchman, and Confidence, and Washington, and Rattler, and Lady Suffolk, with their "unknown" strains, and ending in our own day with Flora Temple and Goldsmith Maid, and Dexter and American Girl and Lucy, and Bonner's Poeahontas (the Bates mare), the queen of mares, with their records and their absolute defiance of time and space—these horses, I say, illustrate what I mean by that power of the American trotter which is to be obtained by removal, step by step from the form and gait of the thoroughbred.

But not everywhere does this removal accomplish the object which the breeder of horses has in view. Old Messenger did not leave behind him the same fruits in Pennsylvania that he did in New York. He met nowhere in that more southern region the blood which it was necessary to mingle with his own in order to produce the genuine American horse. Who can tell that his fame as the ancestor of a long line of trotters is not due as much to the fortunate locality in which his lot was cast, as to his own intrinsic merit? Who can tell that Diomed and his two famous sons Sir Henry and Duroc, would not have been rivals of Messenger and his more famous sons Mambrino and Hambletonian, had the two families exchanged residences, and Messenger had gone down into Kentucky among the thoroughbred of that State, while Duroc had cast his lot among the "unknown" mares of the North? However this may be, sir, we have got the American horse all along the Northern line, from Eastport to Detroit, aye, still farther West, a fortunate combination of various bloods, invigorated by the sharp air of our Northern hills, refreshed by our cold Northern streams, fed into hard bone and vigorous muscle by our short and sweet northern pastures, and capable of carrying his sturdy forces, and implanting them, for a generation or two at least, among the heavier bones and softer muscles of more luxuriant valleys, milder skies and warmer springs.—*The Perfect Horse.*

WINTERING BEES.—In an article in the November number of the *National Bee Journal*, Mrs. Ellen S. Tupper, the editor, says:—

Give them plenty of honey, but not too much, empty space to cluster in, and keep them dry as well as warm. For us a dry cellar is the best place, others find rooms above ground as good. Be sure that there is room between the bottom of combs and the honey board. Near the last of November, remove them to the cellar or house, leave them in perfect darkness and undisturbed till spring. Allow at least twenty pounds of honey to a hive wintered in the cellar, weighing the first November, and much more if left out of doors. If bees have not that amount, feed them at once until they have—they do much better if fed while they can fly freely.

HOW TO MAKE A CISTERN.—I see some of your readers wish to know how to construct a cistern. The best way is to dig your pit the size you wish and to wall it with brick; build a partition wall across it, leaving two-thirds on one side. Leave a number of holes through the bottom of the partition wall about four inches square; then plaster well with not less than two coats. Fill up to the smallest side of the partition wall with charcoal; then fill up the other side about three feet with coarse sand. Let the water in on the charcoal, letting it pass under the partition wall up through the sand. It will be as pure as a freestone spring. It will have no taste of rain water.

Written for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

AGRICULTURAL LANDS IMPROVEMENT COMPANIES.

A recent editorial article of the *Ploughman* puts forth the idea of the organization of a New England Land Drainage Company.

It has been pertinently observed that the resources of our farms are not confined within the customary six or eight inches of soil with which the spade and the plough have acquainted us, but that there exists a basement story, which, at the will of the owner may be made to add greatly to the value of the establishment.

In its natural state this basement story of our farms is frequently, not only entirely worthless beyond the mere physical support which it affords the superstructure, but is often the source of a blighting curse by reason of the obstacle which it offers to the circulation of the vital principles of the soil,

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE--BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1873.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

To the Senate and House of Representatives:

The year that has just passed since the submission of my last message to Congress has, especially during the latter part of it, been an eventful one to the country. In the midst of great national prosperity

A FINANCIAL CRISIS

has occurred that has brought low fortunes of gigantic proportions. Political partisanship has almost ceased to exist, especially in the agricultural regions, and finally the capture upon the high seas of a vessel bearing our flag has for a time threatened the most serious consequences and has agitated the public mind from one end of the country to the other, but this is happily now in the course of satisfactory adjustment, honorable to both nations concerned.

OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.

The relations of the United States, however, with most of the other powers, continue to be friendly and cordial.

With France, Germany, Russia, Italy and the minor European powers, with Brazil and most of the South American Republics, and with Japan nothing has occurred during the year to demand special notice.

The correspondence between the Department of State and various diplomatic representatives to or from those countries is transmitted herewith.

THE VIENNA EXPOSITION.

In execution of the will of Congress as expressed in its joint resolution of the 3d of February last, and in accordance with the provisions of the resolution, a number of practical artisans, of scientific men and of honorary commissioners, were authorized to attend the Exposition at Vienna as commissioners on the part of the United States.

It is believed that we have obtained the object which Congress had in view when it passed the joint resolution in order to enable the people of the United States to participate in the advantages of the International Exhibition of the products of agriculture, manufactures and the fine arts to be held at Vienna. I take pleasure in adding that the American exhibitors have received a gratifying number of diplomas and of medals.

During the exposition a conference was held at Vienna, for the purpose of consultation on the questions arising in different countries for the perfection of inventions.

I authorized a representative from the patent office to be present at Vienna at the time when this conference was to take place, in order to add as far as he might in securing any possible additional protection to American inventors in Europe. The report of this agent will be laid before Congress.

CHINA.

It is my pleasant duty to announce to Congress that the Emperor of China, on attaining his majority, received the diplomatic representatives of the Western powers in person. An account of these ceremonies and of the interesting discussion which preceded them, will be found in the documents transmitted herewith.

I have caused to be communicated to the government of the King of Italy the thanks of this government for the eminent services rendered to Consul Corti, as the third commissioner on the Chinese mission, with dignity, learning and impartiality.

He discharged duties requiring great labor, and constant patience, to the satisfaction, I believe, of both governments.

WAR CLAIMS.

I recommend legislation to create a special court to consist of three judges who shall be empowered to hear and determine all claims of persons in the United States, arising from acts committed against their persons or property during the insurrection.

The recent reference under the Treaty of Washington was confined to claims of British subjects arising during the period named in the Treaty, but it is also understood that there are other British claims of a like nature advanced by citizens or subjects of other powers.

It is desirable to have these claims also examined and disposed of.

Official information is being received from the Dutch government of a state of war between the King of the Netherlands and the Sultan of Acheen. The officers of the United States who were near the seat of the war were instructed to observe a strict neutrality; it is believed that they have done so.

THE MEXICAN CLAIMS.

The joint commission, under the convention with Mexico of 1868, has again been legally prolonged and has resumed its business, which it is thought will be brought to an early conclusion.

The distinguished representative of Her Britannic Majesty at Washington has kindly consented, with the approval of his government, to accept the arduous and responsible duties of umpire in this commission, and to lend the weight of his character and name to such decisions as may not receive the acquiescence of both the arbitrators appointed by the respective governments.

THE RAIDS FROM MEXICO.

The commissioners appointed, pursuant to the authority of Congress, to examine into the nature and extent of the forage of trespassers from that country upon the herds of Texas, have made a report which will be submitted for your consideration.

THE VENEZUELAN GOVERNMENT

has been apprised of the sense of Congress in so

MILK PRODUCERS' ASSOCIATION.

Of Massachusetts & New New Hampshire.

SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING, HELD AT BOSTON, DEC. 2, 1873.

Reports of the Secretary and Treasurer.

Election of Officers, Transportation, Marketing and Adulteration of Milk.

Addresses of Hon. Daniel Needham, Judge French, Daniel Round, and others.

The sixth annual meeting of the Milk Producers' Association of Massachusetts and New Hampshire was held in the vestry under the Meionaon Tuesday, the morning session beginning shortly after 10 o'clock, with Judge H. F. French of Concord in the chair.

Judge French stated that the first thing in order would be the reading of the secretary's report.

Daniel Round, secretary of the association, then submitted his annual report. He speaks in it of the right of men to sell their own products, and of the opposition they had met with from middlemen and monopolies. The numerical strength of the association is about the same as last year. Some farmers on the new routes made contracts in conflict with our views. A committee should be appointed at this meeting to arrange for public meetings in the interest of this association in Warren, Barre, New Braintree, and other places, that occasionally furnish milk for Boston. The annual meeting last year in Lowell was not well attended, and hence it was deemed best this year to hold it in Boston.

The board were not satisfied with the price of milk obtained the past year, but did not know that they could do any better. The monopoly of transportation and the use of water had been in the way, but if the association was properly sustained all obstacles would sooner or later be removed. It had been decided to fix the price of milk for this winter the same as last, but with the reservation that if the regular retail price of pure milk is raised to nine cents a quart a corresponding increase should be made in the price paid the producer. The secretary continued by enforcing the idea that the supply of milk should be regulated by the demand. No more milk should be sent to Boston than the demands. They had better give the surplus milk to the hogs than to send Boston more than she wants, and have to lower prices in consequence. As for the new legislative law regulating the size of milk cans, it did not originate with the association, and as it now stands it does not seem that any real benefit would result to us by its enforcement. The secretary closed with exemplary enforcing prompt and decisive action of matters brought before the meeting.

Hamman Reed, treasurer of the association, then submitted his annual report, as follows:

Cash on hand at last report, Dec 24, '72	$48 0[illegible]
" received for fees of new members	7 0[illegible]
" " from subscriptions	79 0[illegible]
Amount received from all sources	$134 5[illegible]
The expenses have been	
Advertising, printing	$59 9[illegible]
Rent of halls	8 0[illegible]
Services of secretary	49 0[illegible]
Extra payment of Directors	35 2[illegible]
Amount of receipts	$201 7[illegible]
Balance on hand	12 9[illegible]

The amount of the guarantee fund to be paid into the treasury on call to prevent the adulteration of milk and secure equal rights in its transportation on railroad, is $2175. No part of this amount has been called for these purposes; $175 has been expended, $100 of which has been paid from funds in the treasury, leaving about $75 unprovided for.

The ordinary expenses of the association for the ensuing year will necessitate the appropriation of $200. The report was laid upon the table until the report of the committee on transportation should be submitted.

Judge French spoke at length on the adulteration of milk, saying that the more he investigated the matter the more was he convinced that the price of milk was seriously affected by this. Infants were undoubtedly slain by scores by the use of such milk. It did not possess the proper nutritive qualities, and though adults might not so quickly observe the difference, the change was soon noticed by an infant. The monopoly of the middlemen was then touched upon. This was the secret of the whole difficulty arising between the milk producer and the milk consumer. Complaint was yet made, although the barriers with some of the railroads have been broken down. After some further remarks, Messrs. W. Sanderson of Littleton, George M. Baker of South Lincoln, and Leander Wetherell of Boston were appointed a committee to select officers for the ensuing year, and retired to consult and draw up a list for presentation.

Col. Daniel Needham, of Groton, Secretary of the New England Agricultural Society, in response to a call of the chair took the floor and addressed the members at some length on the agricultural interests of New England. In Massachusetts and New England, he said, the farms were far more profitable than those of other sections, whatever might be said to the contrary. We, however, need a bureau of agriculture in Massachusetts. We need some organization to aid this great interest. We need farmers' institutes as we now have teachers' institutes. What is needed is some person who shall occupy precisely the position of the chairman of the board of education, who shall travel through the State, and meeting the farmers in their different localities advise with them concerning the matters nearest relating to agriculture. I would inaugurate in Massachusetts and New England, based on this idea, a new departure. I would organize a more efficient means for carrying out the efforts of the farmer. Educate our young men to the fact that Massachusetts is the place for the farmer to locate, convince him that he can engage in agriculture here to profit, and do you think he will go west? If we cannot have a new board can we not have an increased stimulus in the present board. Convince your young men, by statistics, that New England, with all its rocky hills and valleys, with all its influences, is the more profitable of the two localities, East and West, and he will increase the profits and show you what can be done on the New England farm.

The merchants of Boston are recognized as a power; the mechanics' organization is recognized; but the farmers, through lack of organized effort, have never been felt as a power in this State.

The granges of the West show us that the farmers can make the broad land tremble when they put their heads together for concerted action in aid of some great reform. We can see this in the East. Now why not take this as our model, and go in for concerted action? I believe, sir, that there is yet a power to be developed by the farmers that will make the world respect the farmers of New England. After further remarks Colonel Needham offered the following:

Resolved,—That a committee of three be appointed to consider what legislation, if any, is necessary to aid in the development of our agricultural industries; and to memorialize the legislature in this behalf if in its judgment it should become necessary.

The motion was carried.

Leander Wetherell, of the Committee on Election of Officers, reported as follows: For President—Col. Daniel Needham, of Groton; for Vice Presidents—Judge H. F. French of Concord, Mass., B. F. Hutchinson of Milford, N. H., George W. Sanderson of Littleton, Mass.; Secretary—Daniel Round, of Norfolk; Treasurer—Hammon Reed of Lexington. The old Board of Directors was also presented unchanged. These officers were unanimously elected.

Messrs. Needham, Wetherell, Round and French were appointed to serve as a committee on the resolution offered by Colonel Needham.

By vote of the association the day for the annual meeting of the society was changed from the first to the second Tuesday in December. The morning session was then adjourned, to meet at half-past one o'clock.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The afternoon session was called to order by Col. Needham, the newly elected President, at a quarter before 2 o'clock, and he made a brief address on the importance of associated labor, and instanced cases in Vermont where farms had largely increased in value from the influence of the dairymen's association. He s so again took occasion to criticise the State Board of Agriculture.

Judge French presented the report of the Committee on Transportation relative to monopoly which has been given to the contractor and the hearing which was given before the Railroad Commissioners, and submitted the report of the Commissioners which sustains the views of the committee of the association. Several roads, in consideration of this action of the Commissioners, had made arrangements to transport milk for any person at the rate of four cents per can for twenty miles or under, and five cents per can above that distance.

Mr. Wetherell discussed the report and the irregularity of railroad freight tariffs, and hoped the matter would be agitated until just rates of transportation were accorded the producer.

The report was adopted, and the committee continued. A committee consisting of Messrs. Round of Norfolk, Wetherell of Boston, Stow of Grafton, Clark of Plaistow, and Willard of Still River were appointed for the purpose of extending the scope of the association. It was voted to assess the guarantee fund fifteen per cent. to reimburse the treasury for the expenses incurred by the transportation committee, and to enable them to prosecute their work in the future.

It was voted to hold a special meeting of the association at Ayer, on the second Thursday of January. The meeting then adjourned.

Tweed in Prison.—The punishment of "Boss" Tweed for stealing millions from the tax payers of New York, will prove a timely lesson to the other corruptionists who have been led to believe that justice always slumbers. They are trying to make out, since Tweed was taken over to Blackwell's Island, that he is dying with inflammation of the brain. That means, that the plot is to get him into the Penitentiary Hospital, where his friends can the more easily spirit him away by a boat, get him aboard a vessel, and be off to a foreign shere. The keepers will do well to be exceedingly wary, for they have desperate persons to deal with. The punishment of a person like Tweed ought to, and no doubt will, send a shock through corruptionists everywhere, and will bid them beware of the slow but sure coming of a justice which none of them can hope always to escape.

READ AND RUN.

— The business outlook is so very much improved, and continues improving, that it will not take much longer than to the first of January to set things back to where they were, on the basis of a broad and firm prosperity.

— The Credit Mobilier suit, recently tried at Hartford, Conn., has gone against the Government, and will be appealed, without doubt, up to the Supreme Court.

— It was twenty-seven years ago, last Thanksgiving, that the steamer Atlantic, of Long Island Sound, drifted across to Fisher's Island and was wrecked, with the loss of forty lives.

— The late John P. Hale is said to have left an estate of between fifteen and twenty thousand dollars.

— Bates College is the first one in the country to receive an endowment for the benefit of a female department.

— Capt. David Parker, of Raymond, N. H., has a rare collection of Indian relics, all made on his own farm and in the immediate vicinity.

— "Solomon's Temple" is the name the Amoskeag Corporation, of Manchester, N. H., has given to a new large boarding house which it has fitted up expressly for the benefit of female operatives,—but the pertinency of the title is not just as apparent as it might be.

— The Andrew Johnson who patented a combination plane is not the Ex-President exactly, but *plain* Andrew Johnson.

— A State pauper in Aroostook, nearly ninety years old, has wandered off into the woods and been frozen to death.

— A great many railroad men seem to be getting under the cars of late, and getting killed.

— "Warrington" celebrated his silver wedding on Monday last, and found himself nicely stocked up with presents of substantial value, which will assist to carry him through life.

— The trial of the Wizard gun at Nut Island, in this harbor has proved all that was expected. Its recoil is a little matter of only six feet and thereabouts.

— Vermont has 57,983 farmers, and some of them as good as they are to be found anywhere.

— The domestic and dry goods trade is generally improving.

— Nearly three hundred thousand tons of wheat and flour have been shipped from California this season.

— More than eight and a half millions more of exports have been shipped from Boston this year than for the same time last year.

— Winter has come in sharp and brisk, and promises to stay for a spell. Warm clothes are in universal demand, and so are good fires, but oxygenating the blood is just as necessary as ever.

— England is just beginning to get hold of the idea of the schoolmistress.

— War doesn't appear to interfere with the operations of the Havana lottery.

— One of the ladies who was recently elected School Commissioner in Iowa is accused of having employed whiskey to help her in securing her election.

— Some of the shrewd storekeepers are proclaiming to the ladies that now is the time to spend their money, if they are ever going to.

— Pennsylvania is to take a vote on her new Constitution, on the 16th inst., and it will doubtless be accepted.

— The death of Mrs. Cris at a dentist's office in this city, under the influence of a mixture of chloroform and ether, ought finally to warn the public of the danger of having chloroform ever administered when ether is a safe and equally efficacious agent for the relief of pain.

— Peace with Spain is one of the most welcome of all current assurances to the community.

— The insurgents at Cartagena have been making a most desperate defence.

— The change in the French Cabinet will in all likelihood bring about a change in the French representation at Washington.

— The cropping and uniforming of Tweed has unquestionably made as deep and abiding an impression on men of his kidney in New York as anything could have done.

— Young Taintor, the embezzling cashier of the Atlantic National Bank of New York, is described as taking his seven year sentence to the Albany Penitentiary "very coolly." But that makes him no less a convicted felon.

— It is evident, from the careful manner with which the comptroller handled that infernal box, that he was not so *Green* as the sender of the box thought he was.—*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

—No emigrants from Europe are more deserving, poor in this country than those of Scandinavian origin.

— Verdi's new opera of "Aida" has created the wildest sensation among opera-goers in New York.

— A contemporary says with perfect truth that Thanksgiving was "a killing affair."

— As Col. Higginson puts it, "Reform consists in getting away from tradition."

— A Chesterfield, N. H. farmer has a yoke of Durham oxen that pull down 5100 pounds.

— The sinking of the Ville de Havre steamship, with two hundred and twenty-six souls is a disaster that sends a thrill of horror through the entire community. Boston suffers in the entire loss of two well known families.

— It is universally agreed that winter is bent on making an impression that will last through the year, if not through the season.

— The Boston Teapot was boiling fiercely just one century ago the present week.

— Mr. Beecher is diligently working upon the second volume of his "Life of Christ," which will appear in the course of a few months. Much of it is already in type.

— Back pay and Credit Mobilier are troublesome elements in the current proceedings of Congress.

— The Newton boys are out coon hunting, and they accomplish enterprising results, too. Old Middlesex is still wilderness enough to give a chance to the "critters" to live among the rocks and woods.

— The financial schemes that will be presented to Congress are almost as numerous as the members themselves.

— The Episcotic is reported as having returned to New York, though in a milder form than before.

— The condition of the money market is continually improving, and the manufacturing establishments throughout New England are beginning to run again.

— The naval preparations continue, and will be necessary in case Spain cannot carry out her orders in Cuba.

— Soup houses in the city are said to have attracted families hither from Maine. It is good strong soup that can draw that distance.

— Christmas this year comes just four weeks after Thanksgiving.

— The approaching city election is occupying public attention.

— Every one who loves the birds will not forget to throw out crumbs and hang out meaty bones, from time to time. Do not forget these winter almoners on your bounty.

— There are brigands in New York who or, ganize for the robbery of vessels lying in the docks.

— An American laborer and his wife, both industrious persons, walked from Haverhill to Boston one day last week, in search of work and applied at a police station for lodgings.

— The process of making A 1 butter from beet suet is to be tried in this local ty. San Francisco makes her boast of turning out ten tons a day of it, and a good article at that.

— Fechter, the great dramatist, is playing leading characters this week at the Boston Theatre.

— The Theodore Thomas concerts are delighting all lovers of exquisite music in Boston.

— The new torpedo boat, which was begun at the Charlestown Navy Yard, has been ordered to push forward with all possible rapidity, and it is expected to be finished by the middle of next month.

— Oysters, dried in the sun, are imported in hundred pound wooden boxes from China for the Chinese immigrants on the Pacific coast.

FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

THE SIEGE OF CARTAGENA.

London, Nov. 26.—A despatch from Madrid says that the North German squadron was on Tuesday last formed in line of battle before Cartagena, to enforce the demand upon the insurgents for the restoration of 25,000 pesetas, which were extorted from German subjects. Upon notice that a refusal would be followed by bombardment the insurgents paid the money.

IR. JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE HONORED.

London, Nov. 26.—Sir John Duke Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, will be raised to the Peerage.

A RELIC OF THE POLARIS.

Glasgow, Nov. 26.—The small boat made from the wreck of the Polaris, which the whaler Ravenscraig took on board when she rescued the Buddington party, will be sent from this city to New York by the steamship Georgia, and placed in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

THE SIEGE OF CARTAGENA.

Madrid, Nov. 27.—Cartagena was bombarded eight hours yesterday by the land batteries. The town and man-of-war Mendez Nunez replied with vigor. The outlying Fort Don Julian was silenced by the fire of the besiegers. It is reported that the commandant and several other officers were killed. The insurgent fleet in the harbor got up steam to-day, for what purpose has not yet been developed. The rebel leaders, through the Admirals of the foreign squadrons, have requested a truce of two hours. It is believed that propositions for the surrender of the city will soon be made.

DETAILS OF THE BOMBARDMENT.

London, Nov. 29, 9 A. M.—Special despatches to the Times and Standard give particulars of the bombardment of Cartagena. On Wednesday the arsenal and barracks were the chief marks for the besiegers' artillery, but the Cathedral and hospital were also struck. On Friday the theatre, the Protestant Church and two entire streets were destroyed, and two hundred persons were killed and wounded within the city. The insurgents have raised the black flag on the forts. At last accounts the fire around the city was subsiding. The loss of the besiegers had been exceedingly small. The officers of the foreign squadrons succeeded in obtaining an armistice of four hours Friday night.

THE BAZAINE COURT MARTIAL.

Paris, Nov. 30.—In the Bazaine trial it is expected that the examination of witnesses will be concluded on Monday and the prosecution will then address the Court.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF CARTAGENA.

London, Dec. 1.—Special despatches to the morning papers report that the bombardment of Cartagena was continued on Saturday. There is great distress among the non-combatants, who have taken refuge in the suburbs of Fortman and Escanar. The city is filled with wounded. Seventeen houses and the principal hospital were destroyed. The Government fleet remain inactive outside of the harbor.

THE SEIZED GERMAN VESSELS.

Berlin, Dec. 1.—The German Government has addressed representations to the Government of Spain, relative to the seizure of two German vessels in the Sooloo archipelago, which were taken to Manilla and adjudged lawful prizes. It is expected that the decision of the court at Manilla will be reversed by the Madrid Government and the vessels released.

THE PHILADELPHIA CENTENNIAL.

The Federal Council have accepted the official invitation to Germany to participate in the Universal Exhibition at Philadelphia, in 1876, and have decided to leave the appointment of Commissioners to represent Germany at the Exhibition in the hands of Prince Bismark.

THE NEW YORK PLUNDER TRIALS

After the conviction of Tweed last week two more of the same sort were tried, convicted and promptly sentenced, one to five years and the other a year and a half in the penitentiary. Tweed has been incarcerated in the same place, and as usual in the case of distinguished criminals all his sayings and doings have been chronicled by the faithful reporters. It is enough to know that he is at present in the place he deserves, and treated like other criminals in every respect, without distinction. The rules of prisons are stern and arbitrary, and do not adapt themselves to the feelings or former condition of the convicts. Judge Davis who tried Tweed, has s'so tried the lawyers who defended him, for contempt of court, and fined all but the two youngest $250 apiece.

Judge Davis made the sound and memorable remark that no lawyer is justified in any act, for the sake of his client, which would render him amenable at the bar of his own conscience or tend to degrade the tribunal before which he appears, or lessen respect for that official authority on which so much depends for the preservation of our institutions, and he asked the two youngest counsel to remember that good faith to a client never can justify or require bad faith to their own consciences, and that however good a thing it may be to be known as successful and great lawyers, it is even a better thing to be known as honest men, and that there is no incompatibility whatever in the possession of both of these titles.

☞ The capital and novel Door and Gate Spring, for closing gates and doors, advertised by Messrs. Wilkinson & Co., Burdit & Williams, Bogman & Vinal, Dock Square, should be examined by every one. A. Moseley, Boston Agent, 115 Court street.

TRIED AND TRUE. What words of confidence and trust are these. It is what many a poor sufferer can say of Helmbold's Buchu. It is the only reliable medicine for those terrible diseases of the Kidneys and Urinary Organs. Beware of Counterfeits. The genuine has the private proprietary stamp of H T. Helmbold. For sale by all druggists.

NEW MUSIC.—Messrs. O. Ditson & Co., music publishers, Boston, publish Twilight Waltz, from Faust; The Zither Player, by Gungl; Golden Hours Waltz, and music for juvenile players, by H. Maylath; La Fille de Ma; dame Angot, galop by Charles A. Fuller; Jockey Galop by Rud. Arnaud; Pillsvale Polka, by F. L. Morey, and vocal pieces, Oh, no, He Never Loved me, by G. Operti; Floating and Dreaming, words by Eliot Ryder music by Lou Dinsmore; Fly Forth, O, Gentle Dove, song by Ciro Pinsuti; Angels Guide the Little Feet, a song, words by Geo W. Birdseye, music by J. R. Thomas; and Changed, words from "Albertus," by Longfellow, music by F. Boott.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Nov. 26, by Rev. Dr. Neale, Mr. John B. Houston to Miss Sarah B. Wilson.

Nov. 26, by Rev. Dr. Neal, Frederic Houseman to Miss Nancy A. Young.

Nov. 26, by Rev. Dr. Neale, Horace H. Gale to Emma F. Dolloff.

Nov. 26, by Rev. Geo. C. Lorimer, DD., Mr. Erastus F. Piper to Miss Mary R. Young.

Nov. 26, by Rev. George C. Lorimer, DD, Nathan S. Walker to Annie M. Baxter.

Nov. 27, by Rev. George C. Lorimer, Oscar M. Shaw to Isabella Small.

Nov. 27, by Rev. George C. Lorimer, DD., Charles B. Joslin to Carrie M. Hayward.

Nov. 27, by Rev. Geo. C. Lorimer, DD., John L. Bishop to Ella D. Smith.

Nov. 27, by Rev. Geo. C. Lorimer, DD., Albert Mason to Miss Lewis.

Nov. 26, by Rev. Henry A. Cooke, Luther W. Phillips of East Bridgewater, to Annie J. Benson of Haverhill, Mass.

Nov. 26, by Rev. Henry M. King, Frank W. Low to Hattie A. Preston.

Nov. 27, by Rev. C. Y. Swan, James C. Sykes to Miss Kate M. Dole.

Nov. 6, by Rev. J. B. Dunn, John Carruthers to Susie Rounsefell.

Nov. 26, by Rev. W. V. Gardner, George F. Murray to Jennie L. Bacon.

Dec. 1, by Rev. L. L. Wood, F. H. Washburn of Fort Wayne, Ind., to Ella A., youngest daughter of the late John Jordan, of Boston.

In Cambridge, Nov. 25, by Rev. Lucius R. Page, DD., James W. Hunnewell to Miss Stella A. King, all of Cambridge.

In Melrose, Nov. 26, by Rev. J. E. Bruce, Anthony Crosby to Miss Dorinda Robinson, both of Melrose.

In Scituate, Nov. 27, by Rev. W. B. Green, Mr. Edward Cliff of Marshfield, to Miss Laura Amelia Turner of Scituate.

In Marlboro', Nov. 26, by Rev. J. H. Wiggin, Mr. Thomas D. Cutler to Miss Susan D. Smith, both of Hudson.

In Arlington, Nov. 28, by Rev. D. R. Cady, Frederick E. Hallett, of Weymouth to Miss Mary H. Burns of Arlington.

In Southbridge, Nov. 26, by Rev. H. H. Rhees, Mr. Alvin C. Lincoln to Mrs. Isabella Vinkham von Eckstadt, eldest daughter of the late George W. Redding of Boston.

In New York, Nov. 26, by Rev. Dr. Potter, Dr. Henry Tuck of Boston to Miss Emma R., daughter of Wm. N. Rice of New York.

In Chelsea, Nov. 25, by Rev. S. A. Titus, Mr. H. B. French to Miss Belle A. Winchester, bot of Pitchburg.

In Lexington, Nov. 27, by Rev. E. S. Fiske, Mr. Edwin M. Simonds of Burlington to Miss Anna M. Simonds of Lexington.

In Plymouth, Nov. 18, by Rev Thomas Atwood, Mr. George L. Avery to Miss Ida F. Alexander, both of Boston.

In Beverly, Nov. 25, by Rev. Dr. Lanphear, Samuel Higgins to Miss Mary L. Stevens.

In Marblehead, by Rev. Mr. Fish, Benj. N. Homan to Emily H. Knight.

In Nahant, Nov. 27, by Rev. Mr. Brown, Mr. T. Dexter Johnson of Lynn to Miss Hattie D. Chase, of Nahant.

In Braintree, Nov. 27, by Rev. Mr. Purlinge, Mr. Geo. S. Glover of Gloucester, to Miss Mary E. Saunders of Braintree.

In Newburyport, Nov. 27, by Rev. Dr. Fiske, Mr. Nathaniel P. Ordway of Greenland, N. H., to Miss Mary H. Carleton.

In Newburyport, Nov. 25, by Rev. Dr. Fiske, Byron B. Ely of Amesbury to Miss Melinda O Sargent of Newburyport.

In Newburyport, Nov. 25, by Rev. D. P. Pike, Mr. Joseph A. Hall to Miss Mary Dunn, both of West Amesbury.

In Dennis, Nov. 25, by Rev. Mr. Wright, Mr. Wallace W. Wright, of Lynn to Miss Catherine A. Hall of Dennis.

In West Medford, Nov. 27, by Rev. J. G. Richardson, Rollin D. Smith of Brooklyn, N. Y. to Mary S. Breed of West Medford.

In West Newton, by Rev. Mr. Patrick, William B. Boston of Chelsea to Miss Anna W. Stewart, formerly of Portland, Me.

DEATHS.

In this city, Nov. 28, Henry Hyde, 68

Nov. 28, Miss Sarah Harrington, 86.

Nov. 30, Sidney A., youngest son of Capt. Thomas Winsor, 27.

In Brookline, Nov. 28, Mrs. Eliza A. B., wife of G. A. Hodge.

In Woburn, Nov 28, Timothy Winn, 56.

In Lowell, Nov. 26, Dr. J. W. Graves, 65.

In Hopkinton, Nov. 25, Albert Claflin, 36.

In Gloucester, Nov. 26, Mrs. Phoebe Bray, 87.

In Jamaica Plain, Nov. 29, Otis Raven, late of Vergennes, Vermont.

In West Salem, Nov. 25, Hannah Trask, 69.

In Longwood, Dec. 1, Mary A., wife of Samuel Thompson, 52.

In Hyde Park, Dec. 1, Rev. Joseph A. Goodhue, 49 yrs.

In Readville, Dec. 1, Belinda L., wife of Samuel Downing 72.

In Lancaster, Nov. 24, Elias Bigelow, widow of Luke Bigelow, 73.

In Haverhill, Nov. 25, Mr. Michael Carmonday, 63 years.

In Bradford, Nov. 24, John H. Lovejoy, 66

New Advertisements.

HOLIDAY GIFTS
—IN—
EMBROIDERY.
—
SHEPARD, NORWELL & CO.

Invite the careful attention of Ladies to the unusually large and elegant assortment of delicate and beautiful

LACES and EMBROIDERIES

Which they have provided for the Holidays, at

Prices Lower than the Market.

Among many specialties, they single out for specimen points of the department,

CHANTILLY & LORRAINE LACE VEILS, BARBES & SCARFS.

SPANISH LACE VEILS, Marked down to $1.25, $1.50 and $2. Nearly half price.

New Styles of POINT, VALENCIENNES and APPLIQUE LACE COLLARS, SLEEVES and HANDKERCHIEFS, in Quality and Price of which they defy competition.

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50 Per Cent Under Regular Prices!

GENTS' HANDKERCHIEFS, Colored Borders, at $2.75 and $3 per dozen.

33 1-3 per cent. Under Actual Present Value!

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF LADIES' and GENTS' INITIAL HANDKERCHIEFS.

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HANDKERCHIEFS for MISSES and CHILDREN.

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BOYS' AND YOUTHS'
CLOTHING,
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Great Reduction in Prices.

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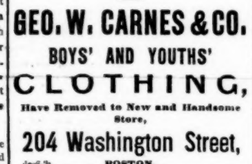
L. BASE RHINES Jan. 1st, and we remove to our New Store, now occupied by J. R. OSGOOD & CO.,
124 TREMONT STREET,
Opposite Park Street Church.
During December we offer our ENTIRE STOCK OF
HOLIDAY GOODS
—IN—
NOVELTIES,
At Very Low Prices.

NOTICE.—We shall open at our New Store, a large selection of **Fine China, Crockery, Table Glass and Silver Plated Goods.**

MELLEN & TAPPAN,
JANUARY 1st, at 124 Tremont Street. **113 Tremont Street.**
dec6-3t



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IS superior to all others for killing weeds and pulverizing the soil, with his implements, whether sand, loam or clay, by which an acre of corn or beans can be planted and hoed through the season, with five or six hours labor by man and Horse, and do the work better than men with hand hoes. Equally good for potatoes and tobacco. Address, ROSS & CO., Northfield, Mass.

THE Ross System of Cultivation is superior to all others. A competent man can hoe from five to ten acres of corn a day with his new hand hoe, at first and second hoeing, without a horse, if planted with his planter, and the crop greatly increased. 32 can sold at two horse loads of corn and fodder were raised by A. W. Ross on 14 acres the past season by this system. Sufficient to winter well six cows and two horses five months. Address, ROSS & CO., Northfield, Mass.
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For Sale at Low Price.

ONE Second Hand "Prindle Steamer." Used one season. S. N. RHOMPSON,
dec6-1t Southborough, Mass.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Middlesex, ss. Probate Court.

To the Heirs-at-Law, next of Kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of THOMAS TEEL, late of Weston, in said County, deceased,

WHEREAS, a certain instrument, purporting to be the last Will and Testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by DANIEL W. TEEL, of Boston, in the County of Suffolk, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, one of the executors therein named; ALBERT S. TEEL, the other executor named in said will having declined to accept said trust.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be holden at Cambridge, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of December instant, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

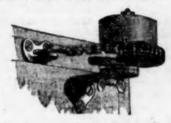
And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Massachusetts Ploughman, printed at Boston, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this second day of December in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three.
dec6-3t J. H. TYLER, Register.

New Advertisements.

REVERSE PRESSURE DOOR SPRING.

A. MOSELEY'S



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DOOR SPRING,

FOR CLOSING DOORS.

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Orders for the application of Springs promptly attended to and warranted to give satisfaction or no sale. Office and Salesroom,

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LIFE OF VON WEBER, 2 vols. each	1.75
LIFE OF SCHUMANN	1.75
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MORART'S LETTERS	1.75
MENDELSSOHN'S LETTERS	1.75
POLKO'S SKETCHES	1.75
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MOORE'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MUSIC	5.00
GARDNER'S MUSIC OF NATURE	5.00
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GEMS OF STRAUSS	Cloth, $3 00;	Gilt,	$4.00
ORGAN AT HOME	" 3.00;	"	4.00
MUSICAL TREASURE	" 3.00;	"	4.00
WREATH OF GEMS	" 3.00;	"	4.00
MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES	" 3.00;	"	4.00
GEMS OF GERMAN SONG	" 3.00;	"	4.00
OPERATIC PEARLS	" 3.00;	"	4.00
SILVER CHORD	" 3.00;	"	4.00
SHOWER OF PEARL, Duets	" 3.00;	"	4.00
PIANOFORTE GEMS	" 3.00;	"	4.00
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All books sent, postpaid, for retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston, CHAS. H. DITSON & CO., 711 B'dway, New York.
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For Sale,

THE FULL BLOOD JERSEY BULL "MILES STANDISH," 2½ years old. For pedigree see American Jersey Herd Book. Will be sold at a low price. Apply to D. WHITON,
dec6-4t No. 33 Commercial St., Boston.

Notice.

TO the Creditors and all persons interested in the estate of MOSES F. BROWN, late of Bedford, in Massachusetts, deceased.

Said estate having been represented insolvent, and the subscribers appointed commissioners to receive and examine all claims of creditors against the same; you are hereby notified that meetings for said purpose will be holden at the office of CHARLES THOMPSON, in Concord, in Massachusetts, on the first Monday of January, A. D. 1874, and at the dwelling house of PHINEHAS W. CHAMBERLIN, in Bedford aforesaid, on the first Monday of March, A. D. 1874. Both of said meetings to be at nine o'clock in the forenoon.

PHINEHAS W. CHAMBERLIN, }
CHARLES THOMPSON, } Commissioners.
dec6-3t

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—BY—
OSCAR FOOTE & CO.,
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Nitrogenous Phosphate. Beef and Pork Scraps,
GROUND AND IN CAKES.
Ground Oyster Shells,
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A book is read,—and laid aside. A musical instrument endures for a life time. Give the Boy a Drum, or some other easily learned intrument. Give to a lady friend a nice Guitar, Violin, or one of those large and beautiful

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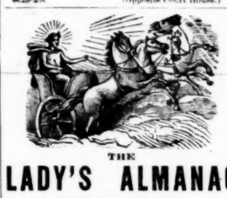

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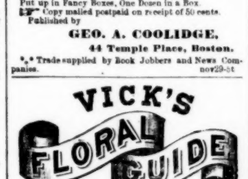
. Trade supplied by Book Jobbers and News Companies. nov29-3t



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Vegetable Cutters.

WE WARRANT OUR VEGETABLE CUTTER, (that has been awarded so many *FIRST PREMIUMS*, to cut FASTER and EASIER than any other in the market, and is offered at LESS PRICE. Our

LEVER AND CYLINDER HAY CUTTERS
ARE SECOND TO NONE

Corn Shellers and all kinds of Tools and Seeds. Russel Coe's Superphosphate, &c., &c.

WHITTEMORE BROS.,
nov29-3t 34 MERCHANTS ROW, BOSTON.

$1.50--THE NURSERY

A Monthly Magazine for Youngest Readers. **Superbly illustrated.** ☞ Send stamp for a sample number. *Now is the time to subscribe.* JOHN L. SHOREY, 36 Bromfield Street, Boston. nov29-5t

OUR HOME MAGAZINE

And Mothers' Journal. No Magazine is better adapted to cheer and instruct the household. 20th vol. commences January 1st, 1874. 50 pages monthly, *beautifully illustrated.* $2.50 in advance, with a new, elegant Chromo, " *The Little Sisters.*" 14 by 17. AGENTS WANTED everywhere. Send for Specimen and Terms. Mens your territory, and put in stamp to pay postage. Address Mrs. Mary G. Clarke, 150 Nassau St., New York. nov29-4t

For Sale.

GROUND BEEF and PORK SCRAPS, GROUND OYSTER SHELLS, GROUND BONE, and all other varieties of FEED FOR FOWLS.

POWLES and HOGGS from all the leading varieties. Also, Agents for the Poland Mineral Spring Water. Send for circular.

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For Sale.

A PURE JERSEY BULL.
1-2 YE

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN & NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE--BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1873.

The Poet's Corner.

"IF."

BY CHARLES ALGERNON SWINBURNE.

If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Brown field or flowerful closes,
Green pleasure or gray grief;
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are
And love were like the tune,
With double sound and single,
Delight our lips would mingle,
With kisses glad as birds are,
That get sweet rain at noon;
If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune.

If you were life, my darling,
And I, your love, were death,
We'd shine and snow together
Ere March made sweet the weather
With daffodil and starling,
And hours of fruitful breath;
If you were life, my darling,
And I, your love, were death.

If you were thrall to sorrow
And I were page to joy,
We'd play for lives and seasons,
With loving looks and treasons,
With tears of night and morrow,
And laughs of maid and boy;
If you were thrall to sorrow
And I were page to joy.

If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May,
We'd throw with leaves for hours,
And draw for days with flowers,
Till day like night were shady,
And night were bright like day;
If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May.

If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain,
We'd hunt down love together,
Pluck out his dying feather,
And teach his feet a measure,
And find his mouth a rein;
If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain.

Ladies' Department.

TWO EVENTS IN A QUIET LIFE.

I.

It was the third of December, and the fourth was fixed for my wedding day. For some weeks the weather had been bitterly cold; there had been one heavy fall of snow, then a few days of hard frost, and now the air was again filled with large feathery flakes. At four o'clock, when I went to my own room wearied out both in mind and body, it was nearly dark.

My uncle's house, of which I had been an inmate for some years—for I was an orphan—was in a remote part of the country, five miles from a town, and it may easily be imagined what an event a wedding was in such a quiet village. Every one, including myself, the bride elect, had to work hard for days beforehand, and my aunt had little sympathy for the weak or the idle.

Two or three guests had arrived, and as there now seemed nothing more to be done excepting to entertain them, I was sent up stairs to rest until seven o'clock, when my betrothed husband and his groomsman were expected. The dog cart was to be sent to meet them at the railroad station, about three miles off.

I found the unusual luxury of a bright fire burning in my grate, with an easy chair cosily drawn up to it. For a moment or two I warmed my frozen fingers, and then I went to the window, and leaning my cold forehead against the colder pane, looked out upon the dreary landscape. Now the moment was come in which to realize my position.

For weeks I had been in a dream—a passive, hopeless creature, carried along, as it seemed, by the will of others to a certain end—now on the eve of my wedding day I felt miserably awake. Could there then be no respite—nothing to hope for?

"Ah, Harry! Harry!" I exclaimed, "where are you now? Why this long, long time without a line, without a word? Have I not, in spite of taunts and entreaties, waited the seven years I promised, and more? Was it not only when the bread of charity grew too bitter, and no means permitted me for earning my own livelihood—when no hope remained of seeing you again"—then I gave way?

"Twice I had refused Mr. Denton's hand. What could I do when he offered it the third time? I mean, Heaven knows I mean to make him a good wife. I am grateful to him, for why should he choose me—a girl without a penny and no heart worth having? They say I have a pretty face; I suppose it was that. Harry used to like my blue eyes and wavy hair years ago.

"This is the last night I may think of you, Harry, the bonny lad I loved so well! Where are you now? Still beyond the wide Atlantic, striving for the money to enable us to marry? or, as they would wish me to believe, dead? I am in sore distress, Harry. Surely, bound up as we were in one another, my spirit can hardly thus be moved without stirring some chord in yours, wherever you may be—whether in far distant lands, or in that still stranger and more unknown country from whence no traveller returns.

"God help me!" I cried in my anguish; "God help me, I sorely need it!"

Then I opened the window, and looked out over the flat country lying so still in the white shroud; and I gazed up into the gray, stony sky, but it was obscured by the flakes of snow, which came down thicker and thicker until at last nothing else was to be seen in earth or heaven.

"Miss Nellie! Miss Nellie!" said the warning voice of the old housekeeper, "what are you doing, my dear? Trying to catch your death of cold? and to-morrow your wedding day!" She drew me away, and closed the window. "I've got a nice cup of tea for you: come and sit down, love, and drink it. I don't wonder you feel anxious like, for it's a wild weather."

Then the good old soul sat down by the fire, and told me various stories, which she assured me were authentic, of similar snow storms under similar circumstances, and how when her own mother was married, the wedding party had to walk to church over the top of the hedges on frozen snow.

Then my aunt came in; she was naturally a stern, mansging woman, and we had never been very good friends; but she spoke kindly to me then, and told me not to be anxious if the train were delayed a little. My uncle soon followed her, and gave me a kiss, saying—"Cheer up, Nellie! they'll be here sooner or later."

Ah! what a hypocrite I was! None of them knew my dread of the coming morrow; how I had prayed like a criminal for a reprieve. And yet, to do myself justice, I did honor Mr. Denton, I meant to obey, and hoped in time to love him. But the hours passed on, and even I began to grow anxious for his safety.

Ten o'clock came, and the groom had not returned from the station. Old Wilkie, the gardener, who had managed to struggle in from his cottage, about a hundred yards, distance, gave it as his opinion that they would not come that night.

"Lor' bless you, sir," he said, "James knows what he's about, and he'd never risk crossing the hills such weather as this; its as much as their lives are worth."

My uncle kissed me again. "Never mind, Nellie; they won't hurt in the station for one night, with a big fire, and we'll have hem over the first thing in the morning;" and so at last we retired for the night.

To bed, but not to sleep. A new hope had sprung up, which I hardly dared acknowledge to myself. If the storm would only continue until after twelve o'clock the next day, so as to make the wedding impossible, who could tell what might happen next? I might be taken ill; had I not pains in all my limbs, and was not my head burning already?

I rose several times during the night, and looked out. Still snowing heavily, as far as I could see. In the morning there was no change, and a very gloomy and depressed party met at the breakfast table. A few unsuccessful attempts were made to be cheerful during the meal, but when it was over all was silence, except an occasional whisper from one of the anxious faces at the window, trying vainly to peer through the thick white veil.

That it was useless to dress, all had agreed and wrapped in a large shawl, I lay on the sofa by the fire, with my eyes fixed on the clock. Ten o'clock—eleven. At the half hour my heart almost stopped beating. Twelve o'clock at last—and so the reprieve had come. But hardly had the final stroke struck when a maid servant burst into the room.

"Come quick, sir, there is a messenger!"

My aunt and uncle followed her quickly. I rose also, but staggered and sank back on the sofa.

"Sit still, Nellie," said my bridesmaid, Mary Lee; "I'll come and tell you all about it," and she ran after them, followed by the other guests.

They seemed a long time away, and at last I got up, and like one in a dream groped my way to the kitchen.

It was a large, gloomy place at any time, and that morning there was no light from without, the panes were so blocked up with snow; only the fire lighted up the group before me. The messenger—a tall, strong man, but evidently much exhausted—sat by the hearth, and melting snow forming a pool around him. My aunt, seated at the table, looked as if she was fainting, while my uncle questioned the man in a subdued voice. Every face looked pale and horrified.

"What is the matter?" I asked, and my voice sounded to myself as if it were a long way off.

"There has been an accident with the dog cart, Nellie," said Mary Lee, putting her arm around me.

"Is any one hurt?"

A pause. "Mr. Denton is hurt, my dear," said my uncle.

"Much?" I whispered, for my voice seemed to have gone from me.

I looked from one to the other as no answer came, and then my uncle tried to lead me away.

I understood now how it was.

"He is dead!" I said, and I fell heavily on the stone floor.

II.

It is nearly two years since I have written anything in my diary, and I seem now too busy to attend to it, and yet things have altered very considerably in the last two years. My surroundings are changed and I trust there is a change for the better in myself. During my long illness which followed that terrible snow storm, my aunt heard of the death of her son-in-law in the South, my cousin Edith's husband, and it was arranged for the widow and her only child to return to the old home. This rendered my presence even more unnecessary than ever, and made it all the more easy for my dear old friend and doctor to propose a scheme he had formed for the mutual benefit of his wife and myself, as he kindly put it.

It was for me to live with them as companion, housekeeper, daughter, in fact, for they never had children of their own, and his wife was a confirmed invalid. With this new home health returned both to body and mind. For some years I had lived in a world of my own, with but one object, one object and one end in view. I thought I tried to do my duty—to bear patiently the monotonous routine of my uncle's house—not to reply to my aunt's often harsh words. I taught in the schools, made flannels for the poor, and yet I lived wholly and truly for myself, with but little sympathy for those immediately around me.

There was a different atmosphere at Dr. Fanshaw's house. His noble and untiring work among the sick and suffering filled me with wonder and admiration, and so did the patience and unselfishness of his gentle, ladylike wife who had been confined to her couch with a spinal complaint for many years.

In a few months, however, there came a great trial. The strong man fell sick and died. I nursed him to the last and promised never to leave his poor wife. It was a sad blow to her at first, but borne with her usual quiet resignation. Now she is quite cheerful again. I know she thinks her time here will be but short, and the hope of happy meeting with him she loved is her chief support. I too am resigned and happy. The doctor's will has removed one source of anxiety as to the future, and I am now eight and twenty, and feel that I can settle down in that state of life in which it has been the pleasure of God to place me.

I can even write calmly of Harry, who I know is alive and getting on well. Of course he is nothing to me now, and I dare say has almost forgotten me in all these years. Well, such things will happen in the chances and changes of life, but I shall never forget him. He will choose some other wife, and I hope they will be happy but she will not love him better than the Nellie of old.

Here I was interrupted by the ring of the bell and a note. To my great surprise it was from Mrs. Leedon, Harry's mother, asking me to call upon her in the afternoon. Nine years ago, she and my aunt broke off the engagement between Harry and me.

Ah, it was a hard, cruel time. We were as the said, foolish, penniless, young folks, but then we loved each other, and he was willing to work and I to wait. But that was all over now.

After our early dinner, I made the invalid comfortable for her afternoon nap, and started on my two-mile walk. A bright winter afternoon, clear, pale sky, hard roads and glittering hoar frost lying on the trees and hedges. I soon reached Mrs. Leedon's cottage. She looked, I thought, much aged, and there was an unusual nervousness in her manner.

After a little attempt at conversation, she said, "Ellen, I hope in what happened some years ago, you gave me at least, credit for conscientious motives."

"Mrs. Leedon," I replied, hastily, "that time is long past, and I have no wish to recall it."

"But, my dear, you must see now what an imprudent thing an engagement would have been."

I rose to go. "It is all over now, Mrs. Leedon, right or wrong, what was then done can never be undone."

"Stay a moment, Ellen. What I have to tell you is of such importance, that I must beg you to hear me patiently." She took my hand and drew me to the sofa by her.

"At that time I acted, as I still think, for the best; but two years ago I fear I made a mistake—that is, your aunt and I. Soon after your engagement to Mr. Denton, I received a letter from my son, considerably after date, enclosing one for you. He told me that he proposed coming home in a few months, and as he had now an appointment which would enable him to marry, he hoped to persuade you to return with him as his wife. As your uncle had forbidden any correspondence, he enclosed a letter for you in mine."

I sprang to my feet. "And why did I not have that letter?"

"Be calm, Ellen. Indeed, my dear, I am now very sorry. I took my letter to show to your uncle and aunt, and by their advice destroyed the enclosure. They thought you were at last settled in your mind and happy, and, of course, wished to avoid such a terrible upset as a renewal of the past would have caused."

"It was a shameful breach of trust, Mrs. Leedon," I exclaimed vehemently, "and cruel, very cruel! I was no young child to be treated so," and I buried my face in my hands. Where now was my boasted self-possession? I was sobbing bitterly. At last I raised my head. "And what did Harry say when he heard of it?"

"My poor child," said Mrs. Leedon, "he said nothing—only that there was no reason for his return home."

"I must go now," I said faintly, for I felt worn out and miserable. "Do not send for me, or ever speak of it again, please."

Her eyes were full of tears as she accompanied me to the door.

"Try to forgive me, Nellie. I would give much for you to meet each other again. At all events he knows the truth now. Don't think too hardly of me!"

As I crossed the field which lay between Mrs. Leedon's house and the high road my mind was full of confusion; grief and indignation predominated, and then a wild hope suddenly sprung up, but that brought me to myself. "This is madness," I thought; "I am but laying a foundation for future disappointment and sorrow."

Before I passed through the gate I folded my hands upon it, closed my eyes, and muttered, "Thy will be done;" then I dried my eyes and walked quickly homewards. As I gazed around on the wide, flat fields, and straight road, I could not help likening the landscape to my life. Sameness, monotony, and, when it should please God to take my one kind friend from me, great loneliness. And yet it need not be unhappy. Summer would come in its season to brighten the fields, and even now the Lear-frost was sparkling in the sun. And then I had the privilege of a straight path of duty which could not be mistaken.

The long road seemed to stretch on to the horizon, and straight before me the sun, round and crimson, had just touched the earth.

The road was very lonely, and as I could only see one solitary human being approaching me in the distance, I quickened my steps, for Mrs. Fanshawe was apt to be nervous when I was out late. As he approached I perceived it was a tall man, wrapped in a plaid. My eyes were too much dazzled by the sun for me to see his face, but I thought he was looking earnestly at me. He walked a few steps past me, and then returned saying, "Will you kindly direct me to Mrs. Leedon's cottage at Earlswood?"

I turned round and looked at him, then I involuntarily held out my hands. They were warmly clasped, and in a moment I was pressed to his breast.

"Harry!"

"Nellie, darling, are you glad to see me again?"

COUNT DE CHAMBORD.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

The most prominent man in France, perhaps in Europe, just now, is the Count De Chambord. There is another person, it is said who claims to be the legitimate Count. Under these circumstances the following historical facts will be read with interest.

Louis XVIII had no son. The crown consequently would pass, at his death, to his brother Charles. He had two sons. The eldest, Duke d'Angouleme, married the only daughter of Louis XVI, the unfortunate princess who suffered so dreadfully in her captivity in the temple. They had no children. The second son the Duke de Berri, married the princess Caroline, of Naples.

The first two children died in infancy. Their third child was a daughter, afterwards Duchess of Parma. As females could not reign in France, the Burbon line would become extinct unless the Duchess de Berri should give birth to a son. All the Legitimists of France were exceedingly anxious for this event.

In February, 1830, as the Duke de Berri was leaving the theatre, in company with the Duchess, an assassin plunged a poniard to the hilt in his side. In the darkness the assassin fled, but was speedily arrested. The Duke felt only a violent blow. Bringing his hand to his side, he found the dagger sticking there. "I am assassinated!" he cried out. So sudden had the action been that the carriage, in which he had placed the Duchess, was just beginning to move. The Duchess heard the dying cry of her husband. With a shriek she called upon the driver to stop. Leaping from the carriage she caught the Duke in her arms. He had just drawn out the dagger, and the blood was gushing from the wound.

"I am dead!" said the Duke. "Send for a priest, come dearest, let me die in your arms."

He was taken to the adjoining room and medical attendance soon arrived. Some one expressed the hope that the wound would not prove mortal. "No," said the dying Duke, "I am not deceived. The dagger has entered to the hilt. Caroline are you there?"

"Yes, my love," she replied, "and I will not leave you."

The Bishop of Chartres, confessor of Charles X., arrived and had a few moments of private conversation with the dying man. The Duke then called for his infant daughter. She was soon brought in asleep. He placed his hand upon her head and said: "Poor child! may you be less unfortunate than the rest of your family."

One of the physicians, M. Bonjon, endeavored to restore circulation by sucking the wound. "What are you doing," exclaimed the Duke "For God's sake stop; perhaps the dagger was poisoned." The chief physician Dupuytren, as a last resource, endeavored to enlarge the wound, that the blood might flow externally. The Duke, his hand already clammy with the damp of death, clapsed convulsively the hand of the Duchess as he bore the painful operation.

"Spare me farther pain," said he. Then tenderly caressing his wife, he added, Caroline, take care of yourself for the sake of the infant you bear in your bosom." His father, then Count d'Artois, subsequently Charles X., and his elder brother, the Duke d'Angouleme, soon arrived, with other members of the royal family.

In faint and dying accents the Prince inquired: "Who is the man who has killed me? I wish I could see him to inquire into his motives. Perhaps it is some one whom I have unconsciously injured. Would that I might live long enough to ask the King to pardon him. Promise me, my father, promise me my brother, to ask of the King the life of that man."

Increasing difficulty of respiration warned the Prince that his last hours were at hand. A few words in whispered tones were interchanged between the Duke and the Duchess. Soon after two illegitimate children who were born in London, when the family were all in exile, were brought in. He had ever recognized these children, and they had been tenderly cared for by both him and his spouse. As the children knelt sobbing by the side of their dying father, whom they sincerely loved, he embraced them affectionately, turned to the Duchess said:

"I know you sufficiently Caroline, to know that you will take care of these orphans after I am gone."

The Duchess with true nobility of action took her own child from the arms of its nurse, and drawing those innocent but unfortunate little ones to her lap, tenderly expressed them and said: "Kiss your sister, my dears."

The dying man was evidently consoled by this generous deed. He then fervently exclaimed: "O my God pardon me my sins! Pardon me my sins and pardon him who has taken my life."

Soon after this the King, Louis XVIII., arrived.

"My uncle," said the dying man, "give me your hand, that I may kiss it for the last time. I entreat you, in the name of my death to spare the life of the man who has killed me."

"You are not so ill as you suppose," said the King. "We will speak of this again."

"Ah!" sadly said the Prince, "you do not say yes. The pardon of that man would have softened my last moments."

He had hardly uttered these words ere he sank away and died. Lonvel, the assassin, a brutal wretch, suffered upon the scaffold the penalty of his crime.

On the 29th of September, 1820, seven months after the death of her husband, the Duchess de Berri was delivered of a son, the present Count de Chambord. The royalists welcomed the birth of this child with every demonstration of joy. Not long after this, Charles X succeeded to the throne. All the legitimists of France and of Europe recognized the young Count de Chambord, who was then called the Duke of Bordeaux, as the lawful heir of the throne. The Duke d'Angouleme waived his rights in favor of his nephew.

When the King and Court fled before the revolution of 1830, the Duchess and her child who was then about ten years of age, were in the large party of royal fugitives which the royal guard were conducting to the coast. At midnight, amidst a scene of great consternation at Rambouillet, the King abdicted the throne in favor of his grandson, the Duke of Bordeaux, whom he proclaimed as king, with the title of Henry V. It was too late for compromise. More than forty years have since passed away. During that time the Count de Chambord has been an exile, while France has passed through the changes of monarch, a provisional government, a republic, an empire, and another provisional government. The wheel of fortune, thus ever turning, may again place the Count de Chambord upon the throne of his ancestors.

TIGER TRAPS.

A writer in the London *Times* tells how they trap tigers in India, and describes the trap in use in some parts of the country. Strong posts are fixed in the ground so as to form a circle of pallisades ten or twelve feet in diameter. Another large circle is formed in the same way outside the other, leaving a space of a foot and a half between the two. In the outer circle a small door is made of a width equal to the space between the circles. A goat or calf is tied to a post in the centre, and the door is opened, so that it stands across the space between the circles. The tiger comes and walks around the outer circle till he finds the entrance. He enters, and walks around the space till he meets the open door which he pushes back into its place. The space is too narrow for him to turn round or exert his great strength, and he continues to walk round and round till morning, when he is easily killed, and the bait extracted unhurt.

POTATOES PROSCRIBED.—Several German writers upon races predict that nations, far from improving, will deteriorate both in physical and mental characteristics, if potatoes become a principal article of diet. The celebrated Carl Voight says that "the nourishing potato does not restore the wasted tissues, but makes our proletariats physically and mentally weak." The Holland physiologist, Mulder, gives the same judgment when he declares that the excessive use of potatoes among the poorer classes, and coffee and tea by the higher ranks, is the cause of the indolence of nations. Leidenfrost maintains that the revolutions of the last three centuries have been caused by the changed nourishment; the lowest workmen, in former times, ate more flesh than now, when the cheap potato forms his principal subsistence, but gives him no muscular or nervous strength.

☞ The following fish story is from the *Woodford Weekly*, of Kentucky:

"How high was a bass ever known to jump over a seine? was the subject under discussion by a party of gentlemen, guests at the Versailles House, at the dinner table the other day. Mr. S. thought he had seen them clear the seine at least ten feet, while Mr. P. was confident he had seen them make a clear leap of twenty-one feet; but these gentlemen suddenly lost all interest in the conversation, when Col. ——— came forward with the assertion that he had seen large bass, when closely cornered, clear the seine thirty-seven feet and four inches."

Biographical.

JOHN ADAMS.

The Life of John Adams, begun by his son, John Quincy Adams, and completed by his grandson, Charles Francis Adams, has been revised and corrected and is now published in one volume by J. B. Lippincott & Co. In its present shape it is practically a new work, and it will find many readers not only among those who are desirous of forming correct notions of the men and motives of the Revolution, but with those also who are curious to see how the hand of affection has painted the first of a great family. Of all American families none is so thoroughly typical and representative of the Republic as the Adams family. Descended from the old Puritan stock, poor but respectable, taught in all the learning of New England of the last century, and trained especially for theological controversy, Mr. Adams was slow in making the determination to pursue the law instead of divinity. This is not much to be wondered at when it is remembered that previous to the Revolution the divine was held in the highest esteem, while the lawyer received neither countenance nor favor. Under the circumstances it would have been only natural that a man of John Adams' cast and character of mind should have preferred the pulpit to the forum, and, in fact, the country would have lost his valuable services before, during and after the Revolution, had it not been for the harsh and cruel dogmas of Calvinism. It was only through the doctrine of predestination that John Adams was foreordained to become an American patriot and statesman. But the religious element was a very strong one in his character, and through his whole life it mellowed his statesmanship, even when it failed to modify his politics. Indeed, it was through this element that he became the erudite lawyer that he was, for in a province like Massachusetts there were few or no inducements toward the acquisition of legal learning. Mr. Adams found that mental occupation in the study of the abstruse principles of the law which he would otherwise have sought in the controversial books of divinity. It was fortunate that this was so, for from the beginning of his public life his station was such that it required him to be agreat constitutional and international lawyer, and his studies had exactly fitted him for his career.

Mr. Adams' public life may be said to have begun with his services in the Congress at Philadelphia in 1774. He was also a member of the Continental Congress of the next year, and assisted in promoting and framing the Declaration of Independence. Toward the close of 1777 he was appointed a commissioner to France, and except at intervals, continued to serve his country abroad till after the close of the war.

While Mr. Adams was in the Continental Congress he spoke often, besides contributing frequently to the public press. Abroad his labors were incessant, and his services always pure and unselfish. As often happens in troublous times, he did not escape the tongue of malice, slander and jealousy. Even when the Congress was deliberating on the measure which led to the Declaration of Independence, and the separation from Great Britain, the publication of two of his private letters, which fell into the hands of General Gage, at Boston, exposed him to both the ridicule and hatred of his compeers. He was denounced as favoring independence, while Jonathan Dickinson and others still clung to the hope of accommodation. In France his efforts were paralyzed to some extent on account of the distrust manifested toward him by Vergennes, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, and his success, especially in negotiating the Dutch loan, was accomplished in spite of this unfriendly feeling. In 1785 Mr. Adams was sent as Minister to England, where he remained until 1788. Upon the adoption of the federal constitution, when Washington became president, Mr. Adams was chosen Vice President, and, at the close of the first President's second term, he was elected as Washington's successor. During their service in the Continental Congress Adams and Jefferson were united in their political opinions, but while the former was President of the Senate he supported the organic measures of Washington's administration, frequently by his casting vote, while he essentially differed with Jefferson in favoring American neutrality during the French Revolutionary period. These differences made Adams the leader of the federal party, previously championed by Hamilton, and gave Jefferson his great political prominence as the founder of the organization which has now existed for more than a century as democracy. So bitter did this rivalry become that there were doubts, or affected doubts, in the public mind as to whether Adams would yield up the Chief Magistracy at the expiration of his Presidential term. Mr. Adams and Washington in a "huff" several hours before Jefferson's inauguration. He lived in retirement at Quincy the rest of his life, dying on the 4th of July, 1826, within a few hours of the death of Thomas Jefferson. His last words, "Jefferson still survives," show how deep were the feelings with which he regarded the rival statesman.—*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

A CRY OF THE SPIRIT.

I am so, weary, Lord! My load of care
Seems still more heavy with each opening day;
I cannot lift it. Father, hear my prayer!
And give me strength to keep the upward way.

I am so lonely, Lord! The gay and bright
And prosperous ones of earth all pass me by;
The friends of happier days ignore my night;
I come to Thee, oh, Father! Hear my cry!

I am so hungry, Lord! My soul is faint
For heavenly nourishment, amid the strife.
I starve, oh, Father! Hear thy child's complaint
And feed my spirit with "the bread of life."

I am so thirsty, Lord! My heart would sink
Withered and parched upon earth's arid plain.
Fill Thou my cup, oh, Father!—let me drink
Of "living water," ne'er to thirst again.

I am so sad, oh, Lord! The crys of woe
From suffering human souls afflict mine ear,
Oh, save and help them, Father!—and I know
They must be comforted when Thou art near.

Weary and lonely, hungry, thirsty, sad,
With all my sorrows, Lord, to Thee I come.
Safe in my father's arms I will be glad,
And wait in faith, till He shall call me home.

THE HEALTHY GIRLS OF VASSAR.

At a meeting of the American Association for the Promotion of Social Science, held last May, I drew attention to the superior health of the girls at Vassar. I pointed out the fact that the health of the girls continued to improve up to the hour of graduation, and while I had in my audience three members of the faculty, Miss Maria Mitchell, the resident physician, Dr. Avery, and President Raymond himself, it was observable that they heard me with indifference, rather than pride, so perfectly familiar were they with the fact. The parents of all the pupils are also familiar with it, and if Dr. Avery were at any moment to resign her responsible post she would receive a warm welcome in any community that had sent pupils to Vassar. The world may be challenged to produce 400 young women in any one neighborhood, of so great physical promise. In the following June I met Miss Mary Carpenter at Vassar by appointment. She saw with amazement how close the actual attainments of the pupils were to the curriculum proposed, but she concluded her investigation by ejaculating, with the peculiar emphasis that all who know her will recall, "And we must admit that they have superior health—it is most extraordinary!" This was the testimony of one accustomed to the rose buds in England's "garden of girls,"—*Caroline H. Dall.*

MATRIMONY AND DIVORCE.

An aged Indian, who for many years had spent much of his time among the white people both in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, one day about the year 1770, observed that the Indians had not only a much easier way of getting a wife than the whites, but were also more certain of getting a good one. "For," said he (in his broken English), "White man court—court—may be one whole year—may be two year before he get married!—well—may be then he get very good wife—but may be not—may be very cross. Well now, suppose cross, scold so soon as get wake, scold all day, scold until sleep, all one—must keep him. White people have law no throw away wife, be he ever so cross; must keep him always. Well, now does Indian do? Indian, when he see industrious squaw, which he like, he go to him, place his two forefingers close aside each other—make two look like one—look squaw in the face—see him smile—which is all one—he says yes—so he take him home, no danger he be cross, no, no. Squaw know too well what Indian do if he cross—throw him away, take another. Squaw love to eat meat—no husband—no meat. Squaw do everything to please husband—he do the same to please squaw—live happy."

☞ Why are coals the most contradictory articles known to commerce? Because, when they are purchased, instead of going to the buyer, they go to the cellar.

The Fashions.

THE SEASON'S STYLES.

Everybody interested in the grand topic of dress and fashion knows that what will be worn is already a determined matter. It is time to count up the improvements of the new season, however, and mark if common sense has made advance or retreat. In one particular there is a great gain to be recorded. Children, this season, are by all odds the better off for certain conservative ideas which have outweighed the less reasonable fancies of indulgent mothers. Scarcely an extravagant toilette is seen on a little girl. Of course, if there is a velvet sacque in the family service—one of those reversionary garments that all the girls succeed to—it is not cast aside. New costumes, however, are invariably of soft wool stuffs, the eldest girl of all having a trimming or even a skirt of silk which matches the wool fabric, to enliven her toilette. School misses wear redingotes and polonaises, simply hemmed, and made chiefly with a tight fitting back, and fronts without darts. The garment is then belted to the figure with a band of silk laid in tiny folds, and fastened with a side of smoked pearl which matches the buttons used on the costume. Side pleatings with alternating folds trims skirts prettily for young misses; very little girls have repeated clusters of folds lined with crinoline, or there are the scantiest of bias ruffles bound with bias silk. Little basques, quite loose and simply trimmed, provide the waist, the trimming on which corresponds in kind to that upon the skirt.

Dresses of white pique continue to be worn during the entire winter by children who remain chiefly within doors; these are of course high necked, long sleeved, and made in Princesse and Gabrielle style. Flannels supply necessary warmth with these white dresses, which at first glance seem almost too summery to be suitable.

Apropos of heavy and light costumes: a change has been in progress for the past two or three years concerning the linings and waddings that serve for winter uses; and most ladies have found it a better plan to make their undergarments supply the protection needed them to put unwieldy linings in their dresses. The popularity of flannel for this purpose is the greatly increased demand for flannel undergarments, as well as in the pleasing variety of supplies. The shopper is surprised, in looking for his winter's "woolens," to find so many kinds ready for her selection, most of which are so fine, soft, and delicately made up as quite to reconcile her to the "wrapping up" which is not particularly enjoyable.—*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

DOMESTIC LIFE IN SPAIN.

Let us take a glimpse of family life in the middle class. The Spanish houses are built chiefly of the hard but porous sand, or iron stone, quarries of which abound in the interior; they have some ten or twelve rooms, all of which are paved with stone or large tiles, for in this country of dust and burning heat—the thermometer has varied from 87 to 95 deg. throughout the Summer—no carpets seem to be used, save just in one room, in the heart of the Winter. The stable is at the back of the house, and horses, mules and carriages all pass through the hall just as do the inmates of the house. I have often been taking a "refresco" with the senor and his sposa in the hall and we have had to move the little table to let the servant and his mules pass through! Every morning at the hour of mid-servant, takes her watering-pot and carefully lays the dust, and cools the room with an abundant supply of aqua fresca. At early morn the master rises, and his little cup of chocolati, an egg and a slice of melon, await him in the sala, or large sitting room—to English eyes a comfortless place, very large, stone rugged, with a few massive chairs, walls painted in rude way, and one very large table in the midst. The rooms, owing to the heat, are always kept darkened by some means of closed shutters throughout the day—some of the windows have glass and some not—but all are strongly protected without exception by a strong cage of massive ironwork on the outside. The senora had her chocolati in her bedroom, enjoying the fresh morning breeze. All the Spaniards rise as a rule at five or six in the Summer, to enjoy the only enjoyable time during the day; at one o'clock they have dinner—the comida—and after that follows the two hours siesta in a darkened room. Evening then draws on, the delicious night breeze rises and blows freshly from the hills, and the ladies go out in groups to the alameda for the passao, or walk. Such is the Spanish lady's day. She has, however, her evenadas to look after, and above all, her dresses to make, or superintend, and her graceful mantilla to arrange. It is quite a sight to pass down the streets between six and eight o'clock at night, and see the graceful carriage of the head, and the stately, upright walk of the Spanish ladies, with their long white dresses trailing behind them in a cloud of dust; how they manage to walk over the rough, unpaved, uneven streets and not trip is a mystery. At about ten all retire to rest, to rise up refreshed for another uneventful day.

As regards the master of the house he really seems to have but one interest in life, and that is politics. He may ride out to view his olive farm or his mine, and you will certainly meet him in his shop, casino, or his friend's casa, smoking the inevitable cigarillo and chatting, or making a bargain. But there is absolutely no reading of any sort, not even a book of the calibre of a three-volume novel. Politics are everything to him, and of politics he seems never to tire. I was but yesterday talking with a friend here, a professional man, one who would give up all for the sake of "his cause," and during the whole weary evening we seemed to have nothing in common. At last I bethought myself of the never-failing subject, and said, "What is your opinion of Senor Castelar's entering the penalty of death again?" In an instant all was changed; his look of utter apathy had given place to the keenest enthusiasm, and knocking the cigarilla out of his mouth, he said with flashing eyes and flushed cheeks, "Castelar is a statesman, a poet and an orator; he knows and says that in desperate cases, desperate remedies must be applied; so he does right, for a while, to enforce once more capital punishment in our army; for me, I am a Republican of Republicans, and I consider capital punishment opposed to the true spirit of Christianity. I desire nothing for my country but to see her and her sons free; free to serve God as they like, as their unfettered conscience tell them is right, freedom in their families, and freedom from slavery in their colonies: that is the wish of heaven, it is my wish also." You will say, what, then, are the pleasures of the Spaniards? I asked that question, too, and received for my answer, shooting in the "sierra," a picnic in the "campo," the "bano del rio" (river bath).—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

Judge S. gave his son a thousand dollars, and told him to go to college and graduate. The son returned at the end of the Freshman year, without a dollar, and with several ugly habits. About the close of vacation the Judge said to his son,

"Well William, are you going to college this year?"

"Have no money, father."

"But I gave you a thousand dollars to graduate on."

"That's all gone, father."

"Very well, my son, I gave you all I could afford to give you, you can't stay here, you must now pay your way through the world."

A new light broke in upon the vision of the young man. He accommodated himself to the situatiou, he left home, made his way through college and graduated at the head of his class—studied law, became Governor of the State of New York, entered the Cabinet of the President of the United States and made a record for himself that will not soon die, being none other than William H. Seward.

A VOCAL DUEL.—I once heard a stage-driver's story of Jenny Lind, when she was riding in the country. A bird of brilliant plumage, perched on a tree near by, as they drove slowly along, trilled such a complication of sweet notes that it perfectly astonished her. The coach stopped, and reaching out she gave one of her finest roulades. The beautiful creature arched its head on one side, deferentially then, as if determined to excel its famous rival, raised its graceful throat and sung a song of rippling melody, that made Jenny rapturously clap her hands with ecstacy; and quietly, as though she was before a severely critical audience in Castle Garden, she delivered some Tyrolean mountain strain, till Jenny, in happy delight acknowledged that the pretty woodland warbler had decidedly out-caroled the Swedish Nightingale.—*Singing People.*

TO ARREST BLEEDING AT THE NOSE.—It is asserted that a piece of brown paper, folded two or three times and placed between the upper lip and gums will immediately arrest bleeding. Press the lip gently with the finger so as to hold the paper firmly. It never fails.

Domestic Economy.

VALUABLE RECIPES.

For the Massachusetts Ploughman.

CREAM PIE.—One and a half cup of sugar, three cups of flour, one cup of milk, two eggs, two tablespoons of butter, two teaspoons of cream tartar, one teaspoon of saleratus.

Cream for inside.—One pint of milk, one-half cup of sugar, a little butter and salt, two tablespoons of flour (or corn starch.) Flavor with lemon. (Make two pies.) Stir into the milk while boiling till sufficiently thick. ALLIE SHELDON.

JEFFERSON'S OFFICIAL DELICACY.—Jefferson was clear in his great office, and he lived up to his great principles. Being asked by a neighbor to write something that would help him into Congress, Jefferson said: "From a very early moment of my life, I determined never to intermeddle with elections by the people, and have invariably adhered to this determination." Much as he loved his old friend and secretary, Wm. Short, he could not assist him to sell the little public stock which he possessed, saying, "I would do anything my duty would permit; but were I to advise your agent (who is himself a stockholder) to sell out yours at this or that moment, it would be used as a signal to guide speculation." Invited to share in a promising speculation, he declined, on the ground that a public man should preserve his mind free from all possible bias of interest.

☞ John Ploughman once said: "I never knew a good horse which had not some bad habit or other, and I never yet saw a minister worth his salt who had not some crotchet or oddity. Now, these are the bits of cheese that cavillers swell out and nibble at; this man is too slow, and another too fast; the first is too flowery, and the second is too dull. Dear me, if all of God's creatures were judged in this way, we should wring the dove's neck for being too tame, shoot the robins for eating spiders, kill the crows for swinging their tails, and the hens for not giving us milk. When a man wants to beat a dog, he soon can find a stick, and at this rate any fool may have something to say against the best minister in England."

☞ Irving received about $240,000 for his entire literary labors and no American author has equalled him. Bayard Taylor has doubtless made $50,000 by all his works. Longfellow has probably done as well.

Anecdotes.

☞ In a rather heated discussion, one evening lately, of an insanity case, the alleged lunatic having been placed in an asylum by his wife and friends, a gentleman said to a lady who did not believe that the unfortunate man was insane, "What do you say, madam, to his lying down on his back in the barnyard, and allowing hens to feed off his body?" "All you can make of that," responded the lady, "is that the man has another married man, he was hen pecked!"

☞ A Danbury man of statistical turn can tell how many stalks of oats there are in the average acre. He has counted the hairs on his children's heads, and has the number pasted in their hats. He keeps company waiting while he demonstrates the number of tendons there were in the animal from which came the steak, and will stop people who are in a hurry in the street, and hold them until he explains how many threads form the garment which they may have on. People at first were struck with admiration for the brain that man carries with him, but now they wish he would die.

☞ A London newsboy having strayed into Surrey was brought before a justice of the peace on some petty charge. "Where do you live?" asked the justice. "With mother," said the boy. "Where does she live?" "With father." "Where does he live?" "At home." "Where is their home?" roared the justice. "That's where I'm from, old man," replied the boy, winking at the judge. The young rascal was told to "go back there," and he went.

☞ Says the Rutland, Vt. *Herald*, "At the time of the late fire here, a lady, whose house was supposed to be in danger, hurriedly dressed herself, ran out and inquired of a lady friend who was standing on the sidewalk in front of the house, 'Is my back hair on straight?' The ruling passion strong in fright."

☞ "Thomas," said a father to his son, "don't let that girl make a fool of you. Look sharp. Remember the adage that love is blind." "O, that adage won't wash," said Tom. "Talk about love being blind. Why I see ten times as much in that girl as you do."

☞ An uneasy boy on a Boston and Maine train the other day, whose mother tried to quiet him by telling him that the conductor sometimes swallowed naughty boys, astonished her a few minutes after, as the portly form of the